

GOLD
KEY

SOLAR

12c

DOCTOR

SOLAR

MAN OF THE ATOM

10000-507

JULY



Evolution runs wild to
turn a horde of monsters
loose on a terrified world!



KEYS OF KNOWLEDGE

IRON and STEEL

NUMBER 8

THE ROLLING PROCESS

This is one of a series of information features in Gold Key Comics. Collect the whole series for useful knowledge.



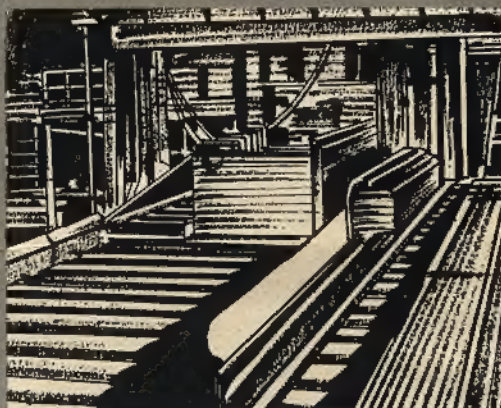
The blooming-slabbing mill looks like a washing machine wringer. Two rolls revolve steadily to pull the ingot through.



As it leaves the mill, the still white-hot slab is trimmed. Two huge knife blades slice through the steel like butter to shape it.



Most steel products are made of "rolled" steel. White-hot ingots are squeezed through heavy rolls which knead them into shape.



Pressure from the rolls squeezes the ingots longer and thinner. Each ingot is passed through several times to get the right shape.



Rolled steel slabs are checked for defects, which are removed with torches. Then they are further rolled into finished products.

DOCTOR
SOLAR

THE METEOR

from 100 MILLION B.C.

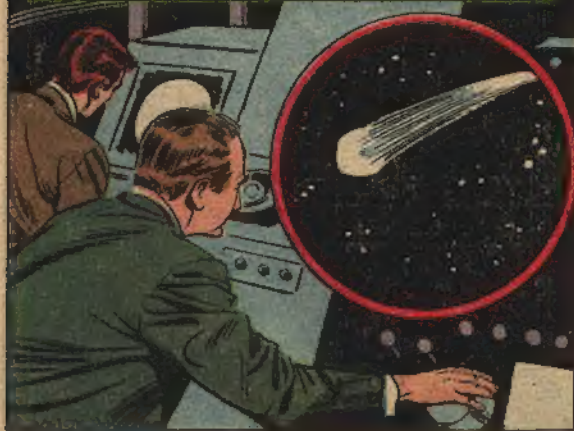
IT WAS A WORLD THAT COULD NOT BE! DEEP IN THE FLORIDA EVERGLADES, AS IF DRAWN OUT OF THE PRIMORDIAL OOZE BY THE SUN ITSELF, CAME THE CREATURES OF EONS PAST! IN ONE EXPLOSIVE EVOLUTION, LAND AND SEA BEASTS, REPTILES AND GIGANTIC INSECTS FROM 300 MILLION YEARS IN TIME WERE SPAWNED FORTH... TO BEGIN A DEATH MARCH ACROSS THE FACE OF OUR MODERN-DAY WORLD!



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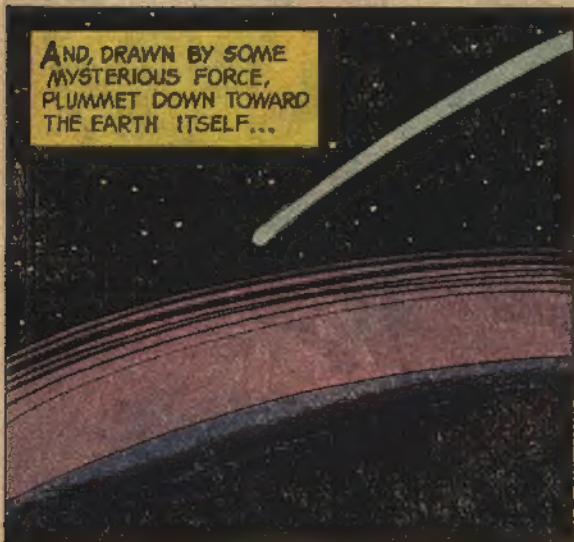
IT FIRST BEGAN WHEN ASTRONOMERS AT A HALF-DOZEN DIFFERENT OBSERVATORIES SPOTTED A *METEORITE STORM* DEEP IN SPACE...



THEY DID **NOT** OBSERVE ONE OF THE TINY HOUSE-SIZED PARTICLES BREAK AWAY FROM THE OTHERS...



AND, DRAWN BY SOME MYSTERIOUS FORCE, PLUMMET DOWN TOWARD THE EARTH ITSELF...

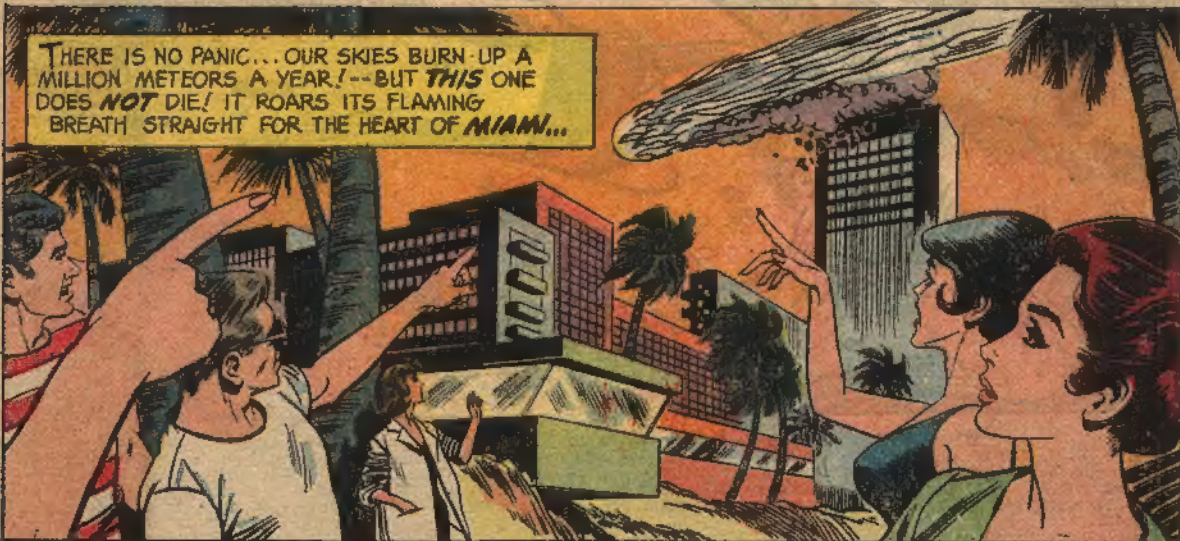


ONLY WHEN IT PENETRATES OUR ATMOSPHERE AND GLOWS WHITE-HOT FROM FRICTION DO THE BULLETINS GO OUT...



METEOR OVER MID-ATLANTIC AREA...

THERE IS NO PANIC... OUR SKIES BURN UP A MILLION METEORS A YEAR!---BUT **THIS** ONE DOES **NOT** DIE! IT ROARS ITS FLAMING BREATH STRAIGHT FOR THE HEART OF *MIAMI*...



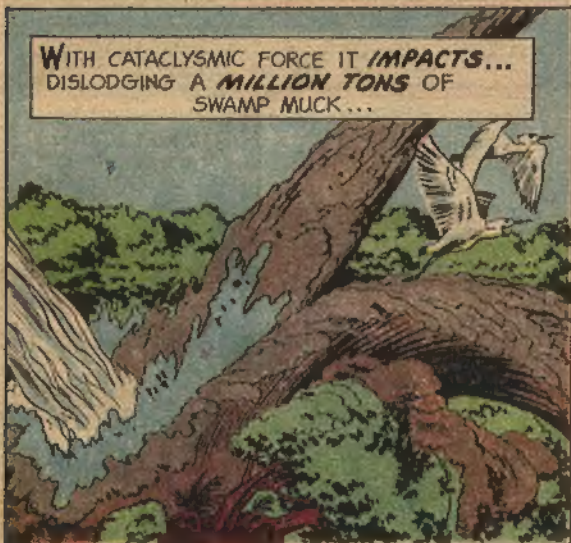
HEAT FROM THE FLAMING MASS BLISTERS
THE FAMED RESORT CITY...



BUT SUDDENLY THE MIRACLE OCCURS--THE
FLORIDA EVERGLADES SWAMPLAND
IS ITS DESTINATION!...THE CITY IS SPARED!



WITH CATAclysmic FORCE IT **IMPACTS...**
DISLODGING A **MILLION TONS** OF
SWAMP MUCK...



FOR MILES AROUND, THE WOUNDED SWAMPLAND
SHUDDERS AND TREMBLES UNDER THE FEAR-
SOME BLOW FROM SPACE...



WITHIN THE HOUR, STUNNED
AUTHORITIES REACH THE SCENE
OF DEVASTATION...

G-GREAT GOSH-- THE METEOR
MUST BE BIG AS A **HOUSE!**
I-I WONDER HOW FAR **DOWN**
SHE WENT?

(**WHEW-W!**) I
WAS KNOCKED CLEAN
OUT OF MY HUNTING
SHACK WHEN SHE HIT!





LATER, WHEN LOCAL SCIENTISTS ARRIVE....

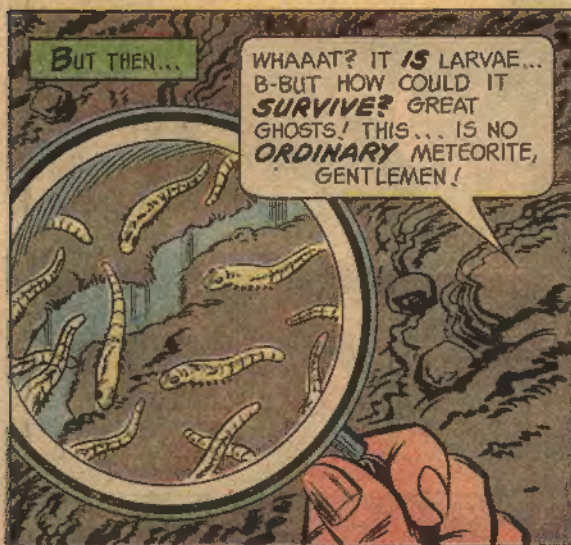
STRANGE...GASEOUS BUBBLES ARE WELLING UP FROM THE METEORITE!

LOOK THERE!



IT LOOKS LIKE **LARVAE** SPEWING OUT OF THOSE GAS BUBBLES AS THEY BURST!

IMPOSSIBLE! INCANDESCENT HEAT WOULD **DESTROY** ANY LIFE ORGANISM ON A METEORITE!



BUT THEN...

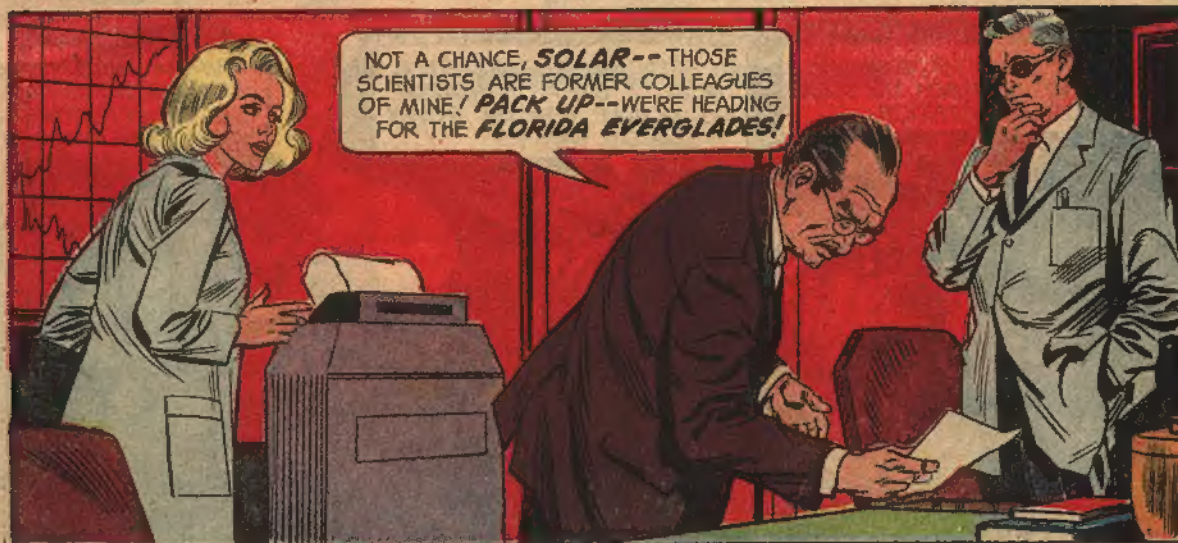
WHAAAT? IT **IS** LARVAE... B-BUT HOW COULD IT **SURVIVE?** GREAT GHOSTS! THIS... IS NO **ORDINARY** METEORITE, GENTLEMEN!



BEFORE SUNDOWN THE STARTLING NEWS REACHES **ATOM VALLEY**...

LARVAE...SPORES... SPEWING OUT OF A **DEAD** METALLIC MASS FROM SPACE!

PRETTY INCREDIBLE, DR. CLARKSON --- COULD THE REPORTS BE IN **ERROR?**



NOT A CHANCE, **SOLAR**--THOSE SCIENTISTS ARE FORMER COLLEAGUES OF MINE! **PACK UP**--WE'RE HEADING FOR THE **FLORIDA EVERGLADES!**

MIDNIGHT--AN OFFICIAL FROM THE FLORIDA STATE HEALTH DEPT. MEETS THE ATOM VALLEY JET...

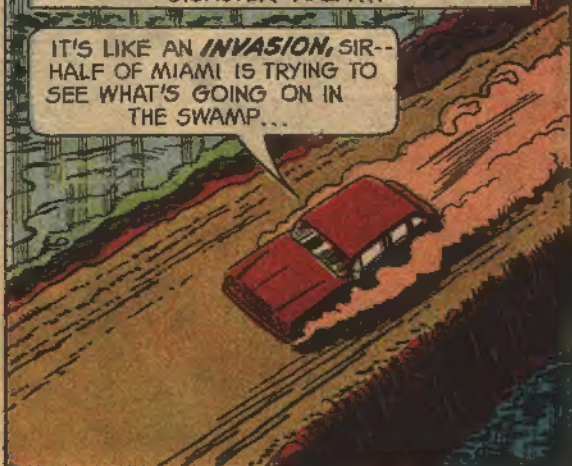
DR. CLARKSON, DR. SOLAR... I'VE BEEN ASSIGNED TO ESCORT YOU TO THE EMERGENCY AREA AT ONCE!

FINE!



THE OFFICIAL CAR SPEEDS INLAND TO THE DISASTER AREA...

IT'S LIKE AN *INVASION*, SIR-- HALF OF MIAMI IS TRYING TO SEE WHAT'S GOING ON IN THE SWAMP...



A TRANSFER TO SWAMP BUGGY IS MADE...

WE'LL HAVE A MAKESHIFT ROADWAY FILLED IN BY TOMORROW!



AND THE METEORITE IMPACT POINT IS REACHED QUICKLY...

DR. CLARKSON--IT'S EVEN *MORE* INCREDIBLE THAN WE BELIEVED! TO ALL INTENTS AND PURPOSES THAT IS A TINY PULSATING *WORLD* BENEATH THE SWAMP!

BUT THESE LARVAE... SPORES...



SUDDENLY...

YES, YES... THE BUBBLES ARE *STILL* BURSTING... SPEWING STRANGE LIFE FORMS INTO THE SWAMP...

YAAAAAAA!



ABRUPTLY, A THUNDEROUS DRONE FILLS THE AIR, AND...

Y-THE LARVAE HAVE
SPAWNED... A PHENOMENAL
GROWTH RATE...



...GIANT INSECTS
... YARGH!



IN MOMENTS THE SWAMPLAND BECOMES A MACABRE BATTLEFIELD...

DR. CLARKSON... THEY
LOOK LIKE SOME KIND OF
PREHISTORIC INSECT...!

THEY ARE... THEY ARE, SOLAR--
FROM THE **CARBONIFEROUS**
PERIOD 300 MILLION YEARS
AGO! I... RECOGNIZE THEM
FROM FOSSILS IN THE LAB!



THEN, AS A PROBLEM CONFRONTS DR. SOLAR—
THE MAN OF THE ATOM...

GAIL... I CAN'T REVEAL
MY DOUBLE IDENTITY HERE...
BUT I MUST DO **SOMETHING**
TO SAVE MATTERS...



COVER UP FOR MY
ABSENCE... IF IT'S
QUESTIONED...!

BE CAREFUL,
SOLAR!



CONCEALED IN THE FOLIAGE, **SOLAR** DRAWS
UPON HIS NUCLEAR FORCES...

A HANDFUL OF GUNS CAN'T
STOP **THOSE** CREATURES...
BUT A BLAST OF **RADIATION**
SHOULD...



ABRUPTLY, A BLAST OF DEADLY RADIATION
STREAKS TOWARD THE WHIRLING CREATURES
FROM A LONG-DEAD AGE, **BUT...**

N-NOTHING'S HAPPENING!
THEY MUST BE **ACCU**STOMED
TO THE FORCE...

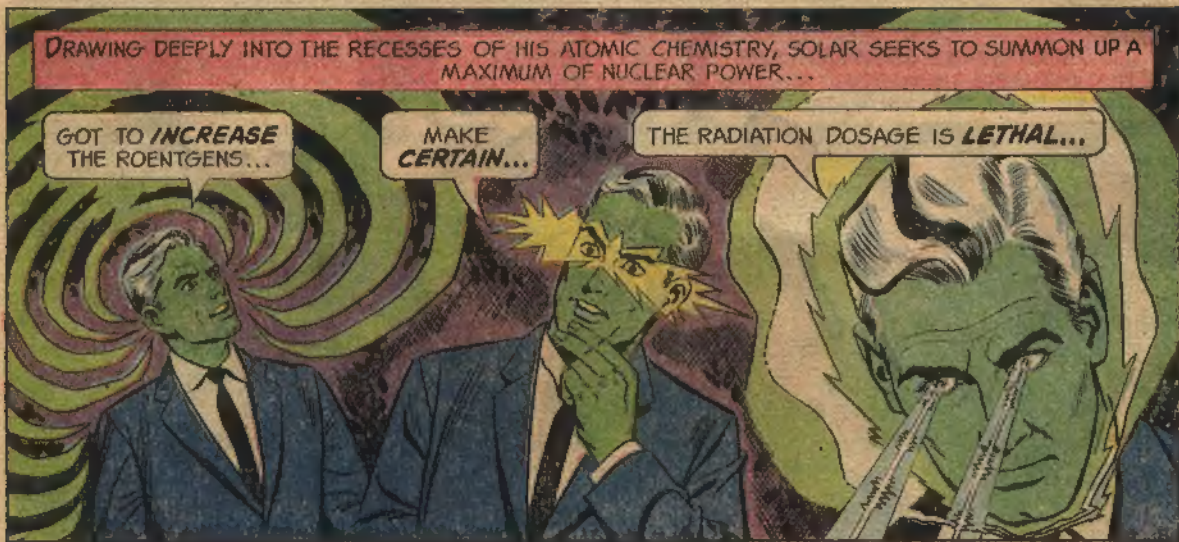


DRAWING DEEPLY INTO THE RECESSES OF HIS ATOMIC CHEMISTRY, SOLAR SEEKS TO SUMMON UP A
MAXIMUM OF NUCLEAR POWER...

GOT TO **I**NCREASE
THE ROENTGENS...

MAKE
CERTAIN...

THE RADIATION DOSAGE IS **L**ETHAL...



MOMENTS LATER, A **SECOND CHARGE** •
SPURTS FROM **SOLAR'S** EYES...

W-WE'RE GETTING THEM...
THEY'RE BEGINNING TO DROP!

A SWATH OF NUCLEAR DEATH CUTS THROUGH
THE PREHISTORIC SWARM ...

SOLAR'S **GOT** THEM, GAIL...

THEY'RE FALLING LIKE **FLIES**...
BUT WE'RE NOT **SHOOTING**
HALF OF THEM...!

IT... MUST BE OUR **ATMOSPHERE**
THAT'S KILLING THEM! YES... YES, THAT
CAN BE THE **ONLY** EXPLANATION!

OF COURSE, DR.—
THE METEORITE DID
COME FROM **SPACE**!

WHATEVER
DID IT... WE
SHOULD BE
THANKFUL!

AND AS **SOLAR** REJOINS THE SCENE OF CARNAGE...

WE'LL HAVE TO CONTACT ARMY AUTHORITIES, DR. CLARKSON-- GET FLAME-THROWERS IN HERE FAST TO DESTROY **EVERY ONE** OF THOSE LARVAE!

YES...

BELIEVING OUR **ATMOSPHERE** CAN KILL THE CREATURES, THEY MIGHT NOT THINK TOTAL LARVAE DESTRUCTION IS NECESSARY!
LET'S GO, DRIVER!

BUT WHEN THE SWAMP BUGGY STARTS OUT...

WE'VE ARRANGED QUARTERS FOR YOU AT THE EVERGLADES LODGE, SIR...! **HEY--** WHAT HAPPENED TO THE TRAIL?---**IT'S GROWN OVER!**

THE **SPORES** FROM THE GAS BUBBLES, SOLAR-- THEY'VE CREATED **RAPID-GROWING, PREHISTORIC FOLIAGE..!**
I-INCREDIBLE!

LATER, WHEN THE SWAMP BUGGY HAS BATTLED THROUGH TO SOLID GROUND...

HERE WE ARE! -- THE HOTEL RESTAURANT HAS BEEN CLEARED TO MAKE LAB SPACE FOR YOU, GENTLEMEN!

EXCELLENT! THANK YOU!

FAR INTO THE NIGHT, THE **ATOM VALLEY** SCIENTISTS PONDER THE PREHISTORIC NIGHTMARE...

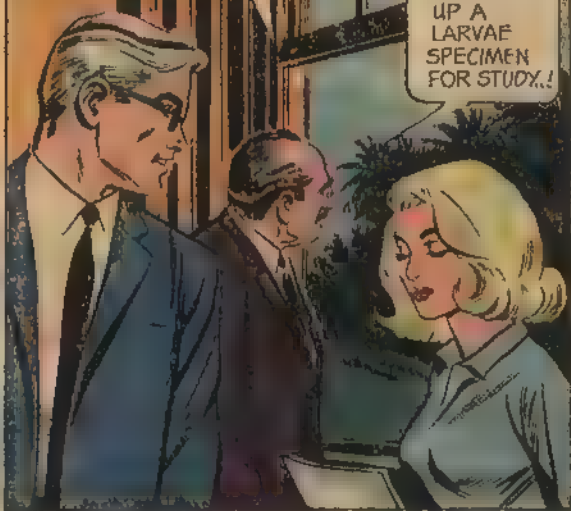
THEN YOU THINK THE GIANT INSECTS AND PLANTS ARE ON A GEOLOGICAL TIME SCALE OF SOME 300 MILLION YEARS AGO, DOCTOR!

CORRECT...THE **CARBONIFEROUS PERIOD,** SOLAR!

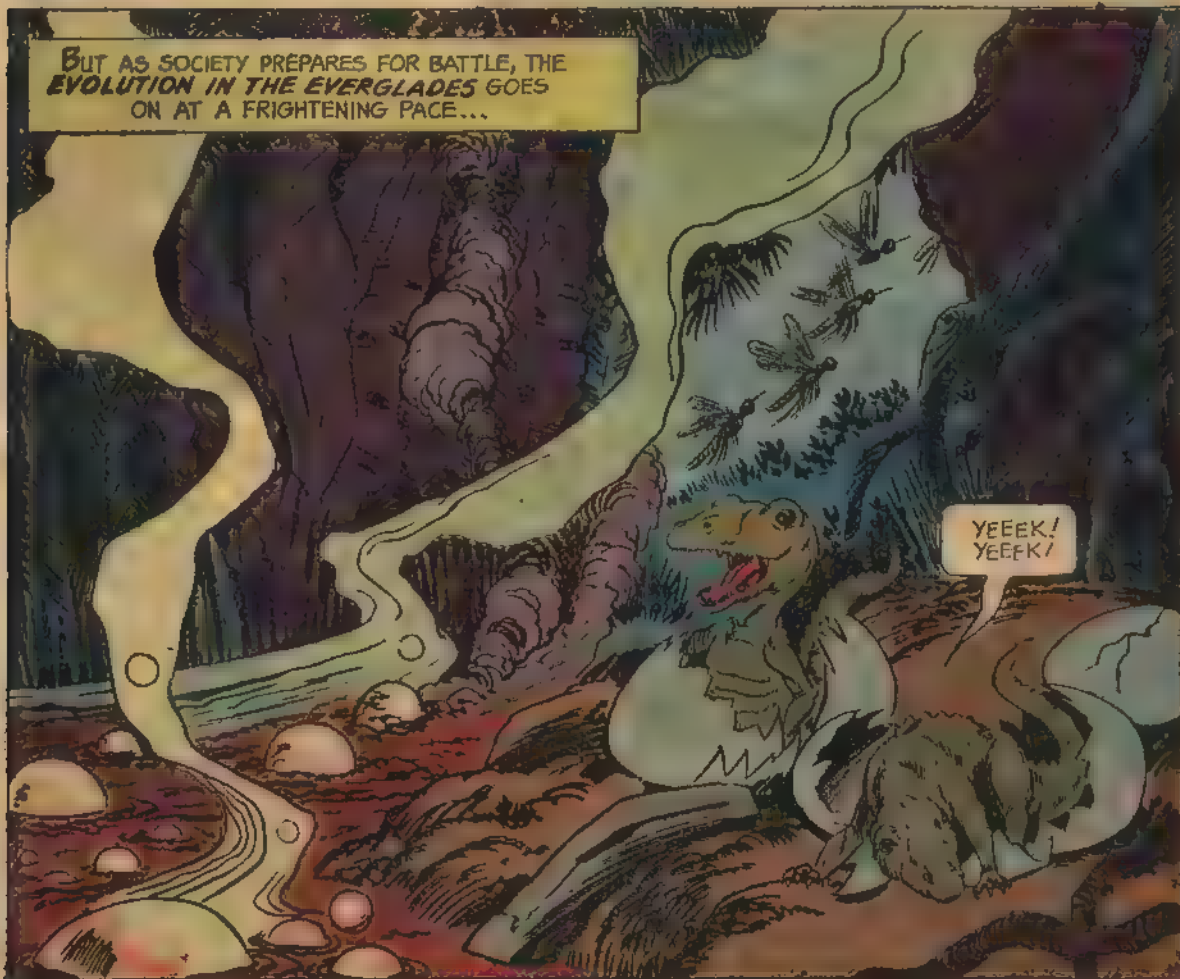


HOW UTTERLY REMARKABLE—A TINY WORLD FROM SPACE **REPEATING** THE EVOLUTION OF OUR **OWN** PLANET...

WHEN THE ARMY FLAME-TORCHES THE AREA TOMORROW WE'LL PICK UP A LARVAE SPECIMEN FOR STUDY.!



BUT AS SOCIETY PREPARES FOR BATTLE, THE **EVOLUTION IN THE EVERGLADES** GOES ON AT A FRIGHTENING PACE...



YEEEK!
YEEEK!



AND AT DAWN... THE PANIC STRIKES...

T-THESE VINES ARE LIKE **IRON**... WE CAN'T GET **THROUGH** 'EM!

WAIT... LOOK UP **THERE!**

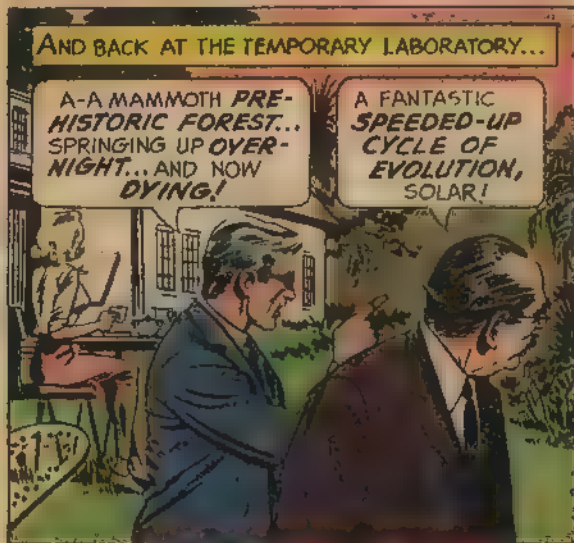


T-THEY'RE BEGINNING TO WITHER... CRACKLE... **DIE** RIGHT BEFORE OUR EYES!

H-HUH...?



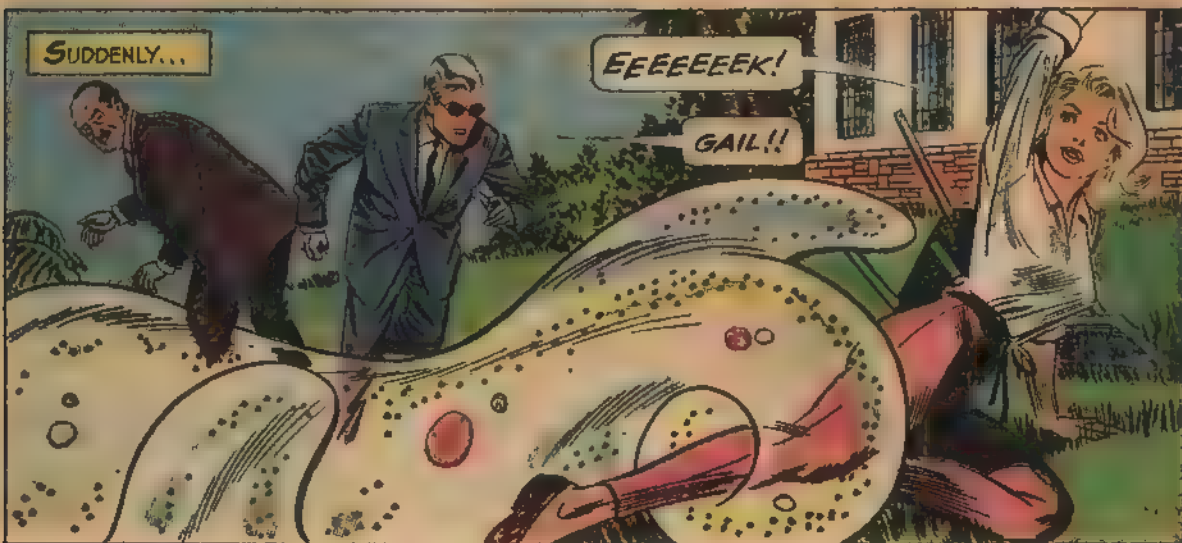
B-BUT **THAT** THING ISN'T DEAD! **GIVE** IT TO 'IM!



AND BACK AT THE TEMPORARY LABORATORY...

A-A MAMMOTH **PRE-HISTORIC** FOREST... SPRINGING UP **OVER-NIGHT**... AND NOW **DYING!**

A FANTASTIC **SPEEDED-UP** CYCLE OF **EVOLUTION**, SOLAR!



SUDDENLY...

EEEEEEEEK!

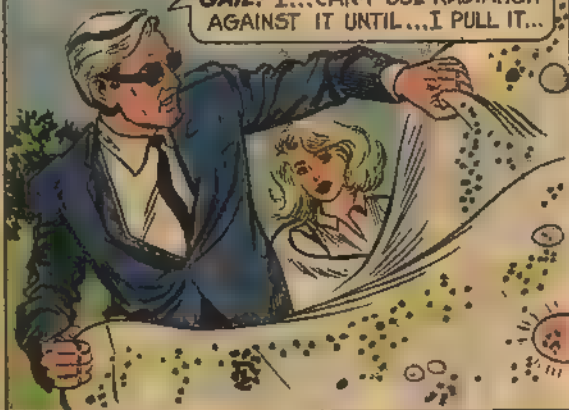
GAIL!!

A GIANT AMOEBA--IT'S TRYING TO ENVELOP HER, SOLAR!



DESPERATELY, SOLAR CLUTCHES THE LOATHESOME LIFE FORM FROM ANOTHER WORLD...

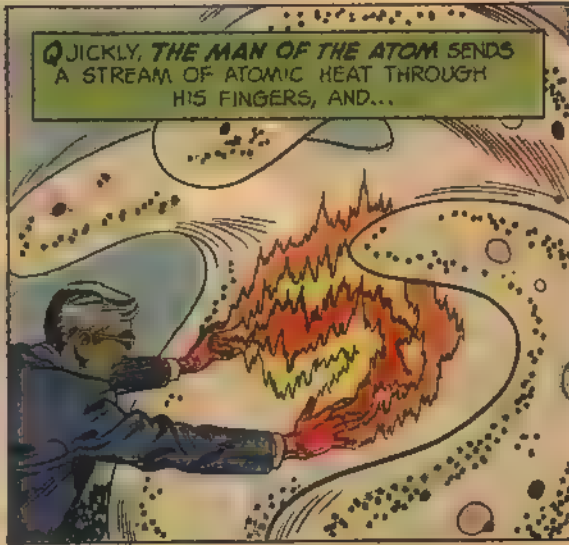
H-HANG ON...HANG ON, SAIL! I...CAN'T USE RADIATION AGAINST IT UNTIL...I PULL IT...



...FREE!

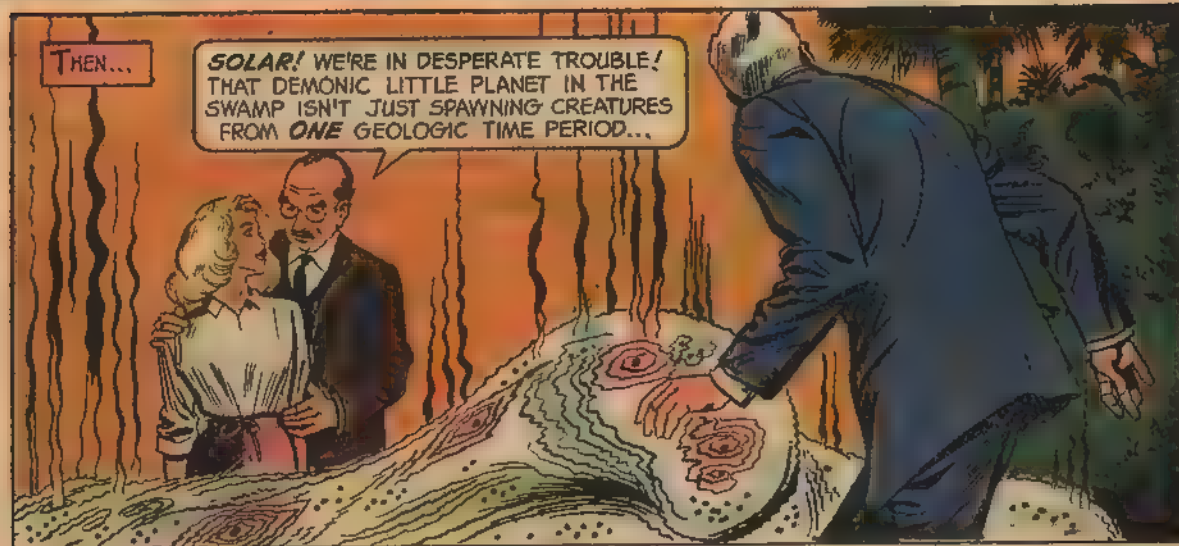


QUICKLY, THE MAN OF THE ATOM SENDS A STREAM OF ATOMIC HEAT THROUGH HIS FINGERS, AND...



THEN...

SOLAR! WE'RE IN DESPERATE TROUBLE! THAT DEMONIC LITTLE PLANET IN THE SWAMP ISN'T JUST SPAWNING CREATURES FROM ONE GEOLOGIC TIME PERIOD...

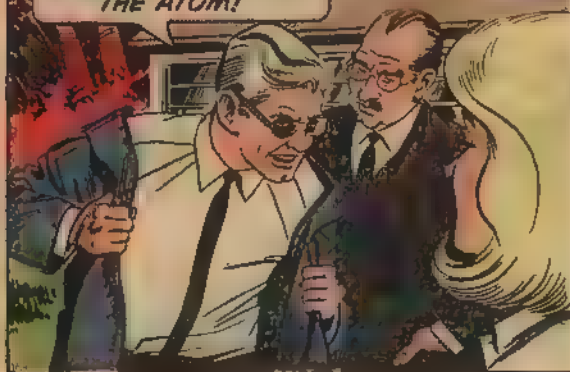


LOOK! **REPTILES** FROM THE **PERMIAN PERIOD**-- 100 MILLION YEARS LATER!-- IT'S **DUPLICATING** EARTH'S EVOLUTIONARY CHANGES... SPEEDED UP **BILLIONS** OF TIMES...



YES... THE PREHISTORIC FOREST GREW AND DIED IN A **DAY!** I'D BETTER GO BACK INSIDE... BE-COME **THE MAN OF THE ATOM!**

YES, YES... YOU **MUST...** HIS HELP IS **VITAL!**



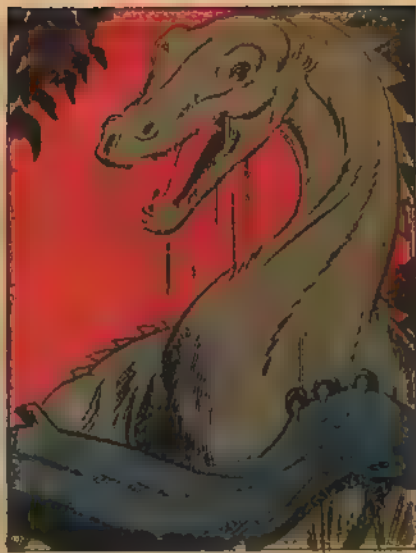
IF THE TIMETABLE IS THE SAME, WE SHOULD SEE **GIANT SEA CREATURES** AND **MAMMOTH-TOOTHED BIRDS** NEXT!



MEANWHILE, DEEP IN THE SWAMP, THE MOST FEARED SEA BEASTS OF THE **JURASSIC** PERIOD FIGHT FOR LIFE ON EARTH-- THE TERRIBLE **MONOSAURUS!**



THE BABY CREATURES BREATHE IN EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE,
EXPAND IN SIZE AT THE RATE OF A FOOT A MINUTE... AND
SEEK THEIR WAY *OUT OF THE SWAMP...*



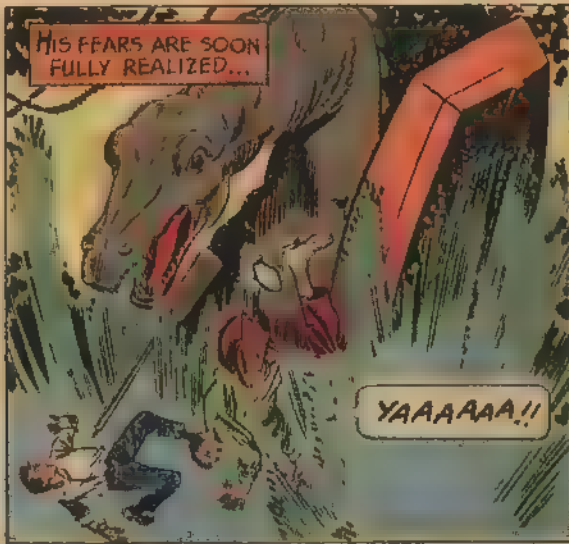
WITHIN THE HOUR, A FISHERMAN NEAR THE
OVERSEAS HIGHWAY TO KEY WEST IS THE
FIRST TO SEE THEM...

G-GREAT GOSH 'N'
GOLLY! G-GATORS
DON'T COME THAT BIG!



HIS FEARS ARE SOON
FULLY REALIZED...

YAAAAAA!!

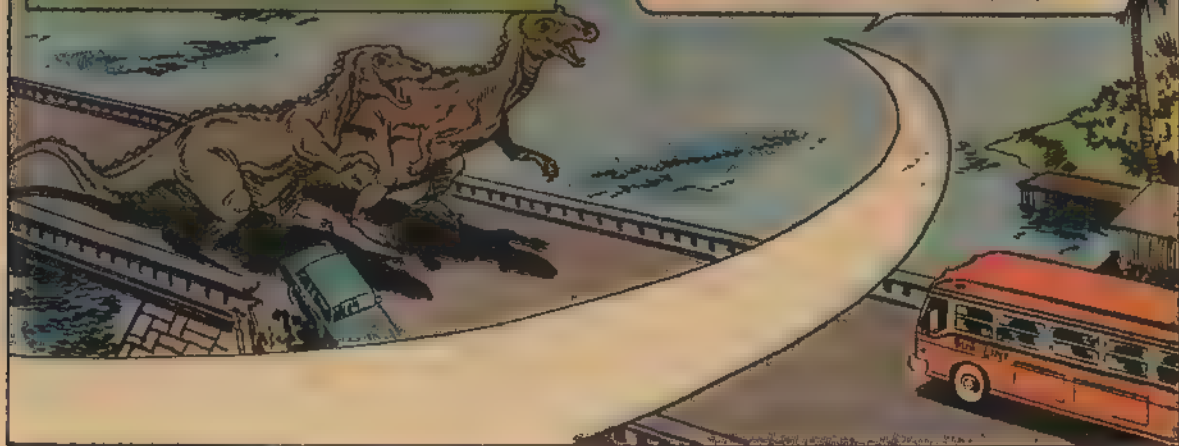


SOON AFTER, PASSENGERS ABOARD A BUS
ARE DESTINED NEVER TO SEE KEY WEST...



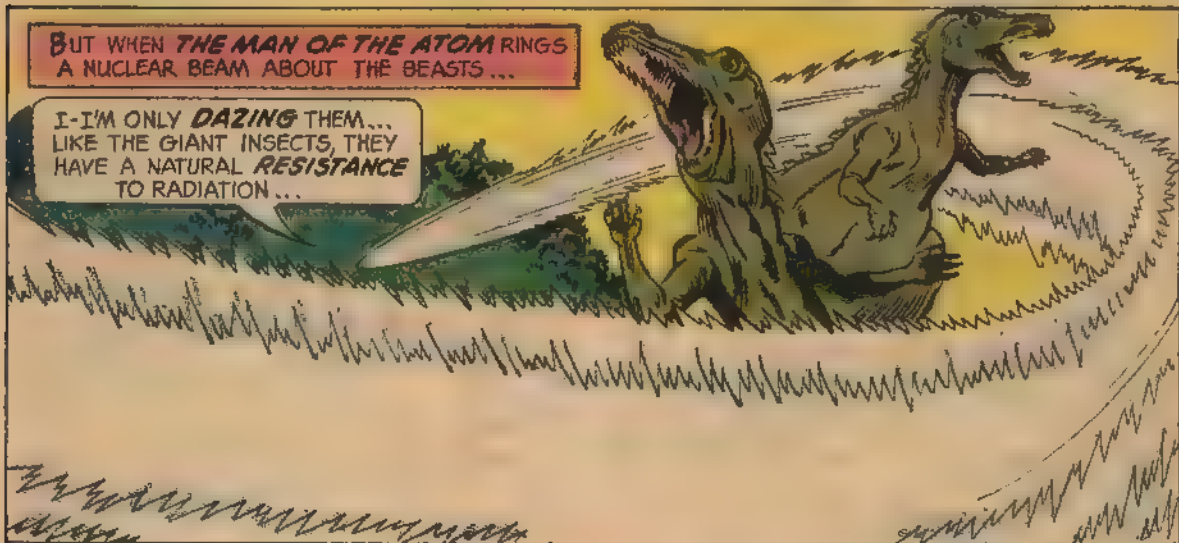
AS THE OVERSEAS HIGHWAY BECOMES A PREHISTORIC DEATH TRAIL, A NUCLEAR LIGHT BEAM STREAKS INTO VIEW...

(W-WHEW...) THE SWAMP WILL HAVE TO WAIT... THOSE TWO BABIES ARE ON A HUNGER RAMPAGE...



BUT WHEN *THE MAN OF THE ATOM* RINGS A NUCLEAR BEAM ABOUT THE BEASTS...

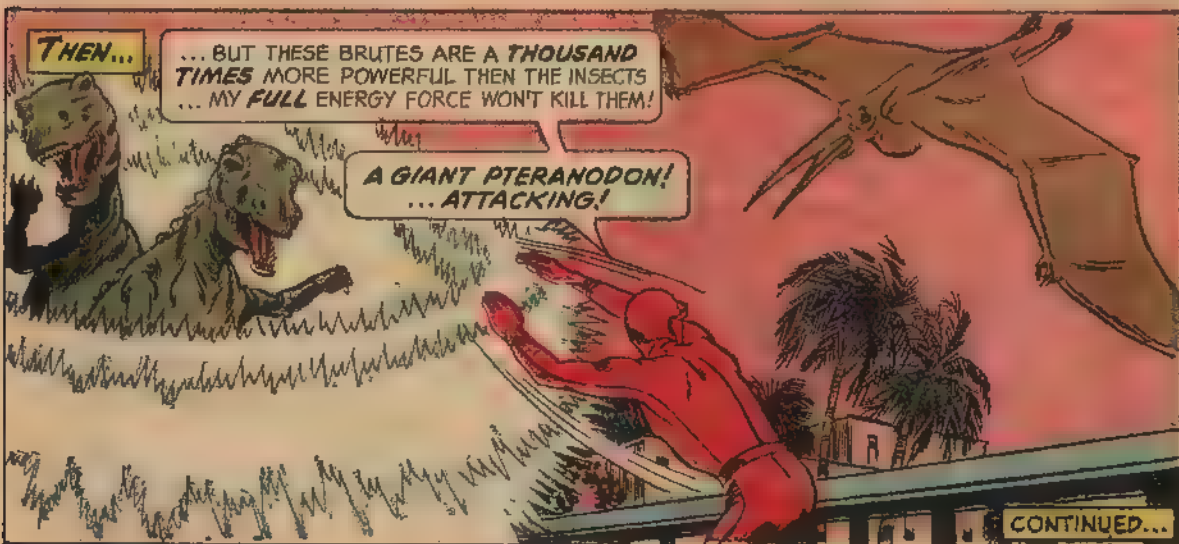
I-I'M ONLY **DAZING** THEM... LIKE THE GIANT INSECTS, THEY HAVE A NATURAL **RESISTANCE** TO RADIATION...



THEN...

... BUT THESE BRUTES ARE A **THOUSAND TIMES** MORE POWERFUL THEN THE INSECTS ... MY **FULL ENERGY** FORCE WON'T KILL THEM!

A GIANT PTERANODON!
... **ATTACKING!**



CONTINUED...

SOLAR

SCIENCE FORUM

I think that DOCTOR SOLAR is the finest comic ever published. The artwork and plot are always superb. I have a suggestion for a story plot. I'll leave the artwork to you. How about having a space villian from Alpha Centuri who is an inhabitant of a world of people like D.S. This fellow defeats SOLAR, but The Man Of The Atom is aided by Nova Man, the SOLAR of Alpha Centuri. I think it would be a smash!

RONALD STUDLEY/Providence, R. I.

How come DOCTOR SOLAR has that thing on his chest? What is it for? Is it a weapon? What is liquid hydrogen? Where does he get it? Where did SOLAR get his powers?

JAMES MARSTON/Gardiner, Me.

The symbol on SOLAR's chest is the accepted symbol for radiation. It is used as a warning wherever dangerous radiation is present. In this case, it is to call attention to the fact that Solar's body is radioactive and potentially dangerous. His body became radioactive in a strange accident at the Atom Valley reactor more than two years ago. Liquid hydrogen is made by subjecting the element hydrogen, usually a gas, to extreme pressure and allowing it to cool to below its boiling point by its own expansion.

I am ten years old and I think your comics are the greatest. I think it would be good if DOCTOR SOLAR had an exciting adventure on another planet. I would like to know why when SOLAR is at the lab his skin appears to be white but when he's in his red costume his skin appears to be green. Why does it? You also said in your January edition that SOLAR wears tinted glasses to protect people around him from deadly radioactivity. But when he is at the lab he does not have his headgear on. He wears only dark glasses. Do these dark glasses protect people from the deadly radiations emitted from his eyes?

RICHARD MULHOLLAND/Falls Church, Va.
SOLAR's skin appears green when he's in costume because he allows his radiation to reach a higher level at these times. The radiation causes a change in the color of his skin. His dark glasses have special lenses which hold back the radiation in his eyes.

I have collected all of the SOLAR comics and I think they are great. Issue #1 was good, not only in story, but in art. I liked SOLAR #2 because it introduced PROFESSOR HARBINGER. Numbers 3 and 4 were just as good. Then, starting with #5 they became better and better. Issues 9 and 10 were the most exciting by far! Will you ever show Nuro's face? What killed Dr. Rasp at the end of the first issue? Do you have any plans for putting SOLAR on TV? SOLAR should never go into outer space or meet space villains. The real down-to-earth stories are best.

TERRY JULIAN/Logansport, Ind.

We haven't shown Nuro's face because very few people have ever actually seen him and we have no accurate description. As things stand now, we never will. Dr. Rasp was killed by high-frequency sound waves, one of Nuro's little tricks. We have no TV plans for The Man Of The Atom, but we keep dreaming! If Solar never went into outer space, stories like the one in issue #10, where he became tall as a ten-story building would never happen. In that one, you remember, a trip to the sun started the whole thing!

I found a 'Boo-Boo' on page ten of the January DOCTOR SOLAR. The minimum distance to the sun is 91 million miles, not 91,450 million miles. Your number, written out in numbers, would be 91,450,000,000 — 91 billion miles! Also, the time to reach the sun at the speed of light should be about eight minutes for a distance of 91 million miles. At a distance of 91 billion miles, as you had it, it should take over 136 hours to reach the sun at the speed of light. I suppose you try to keep facts straight in your publication.

A. C. JEFFERS/Batavia, Illinois

We do try to keep our facts straight, but missed this one completely!

WHAT'S YOUR OPINION?

Although it isn't possible to answer each and every letter, your ideas and suggestions are important! Address your mail to:

DOCTOR SOLAR

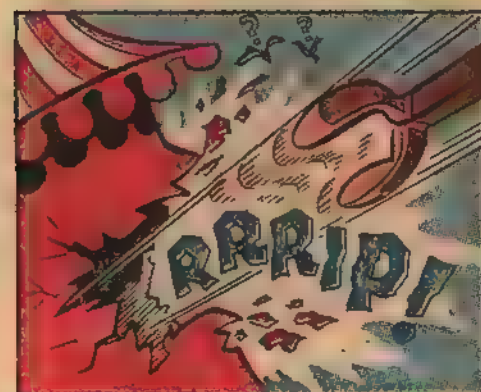
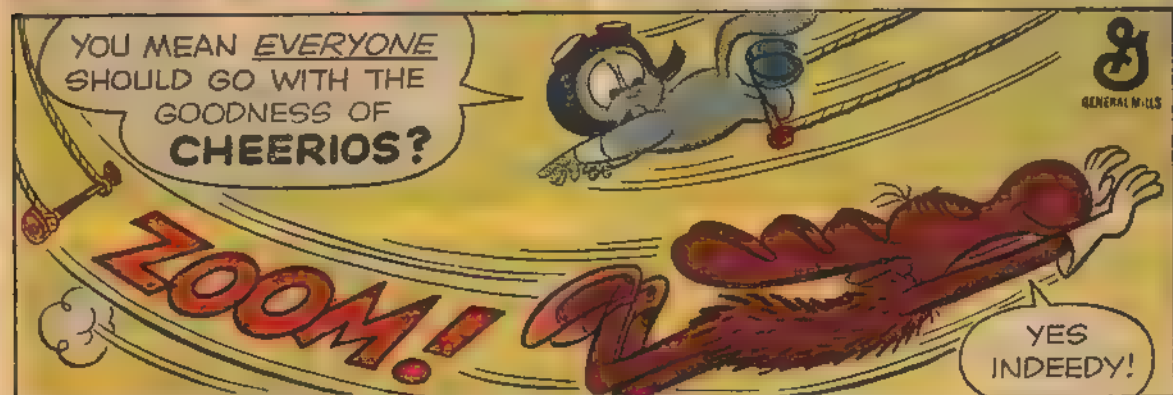
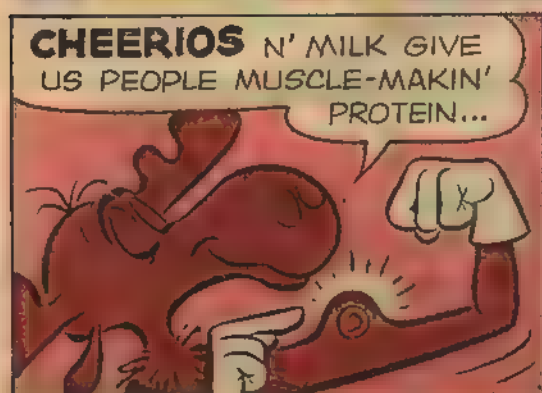
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ARE **CHEERIOS**
YOUR FAVORITE
CEREAL,
BULLWINKLE?

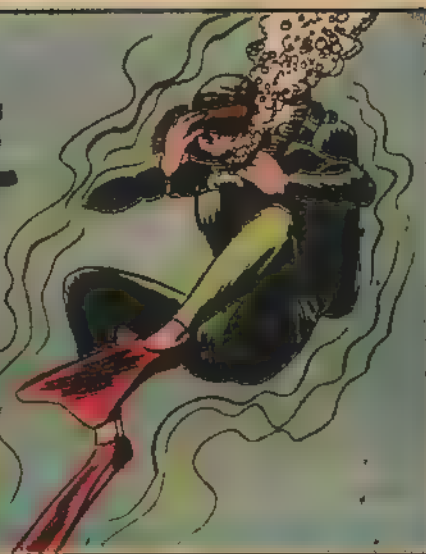
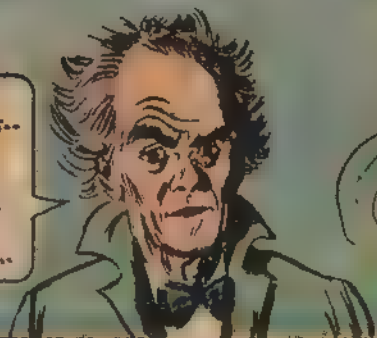
TO BE
SURE,
ROCK!



Professor Harbinger

The RAPTURES of SPACE

WE HAVE ALL HEARD OF THE *RAPTURES OF THE DEPTHS*-- WHERE EXTREME PRESSURE CAN CAUSE SCUBA DIVERS TO LOSE CONTROL OF THEIR SENSES...EVEN ATTEMPT TO RIP OFF THEIR DIVING GEAR...

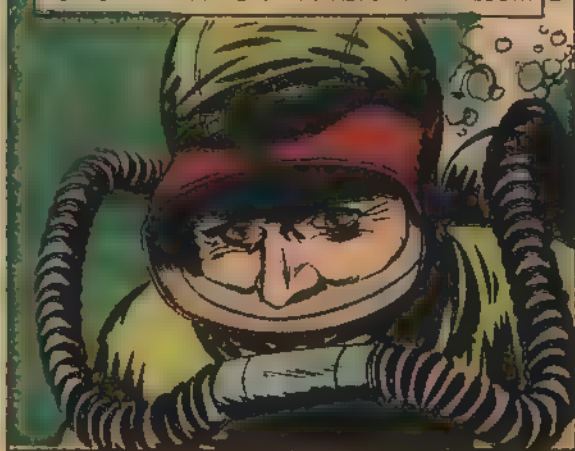


"THIS FRIGHTENING STATE IS CREATED WHEN THE WATER PRESSURE OUTSIDE IS TOO GREAT FOR THE PRESSURE *INSIDE* THE DIVER'S LUNGS."

YOU'VE PASSED 300FT.
--YOU'RE TOO DEEP...
COME UP!



"WHEN THE 'RAPTURES' STRIKE, THE DIVER IS OFTEN IN A STATE OF NUMBED HAPPINESS..."

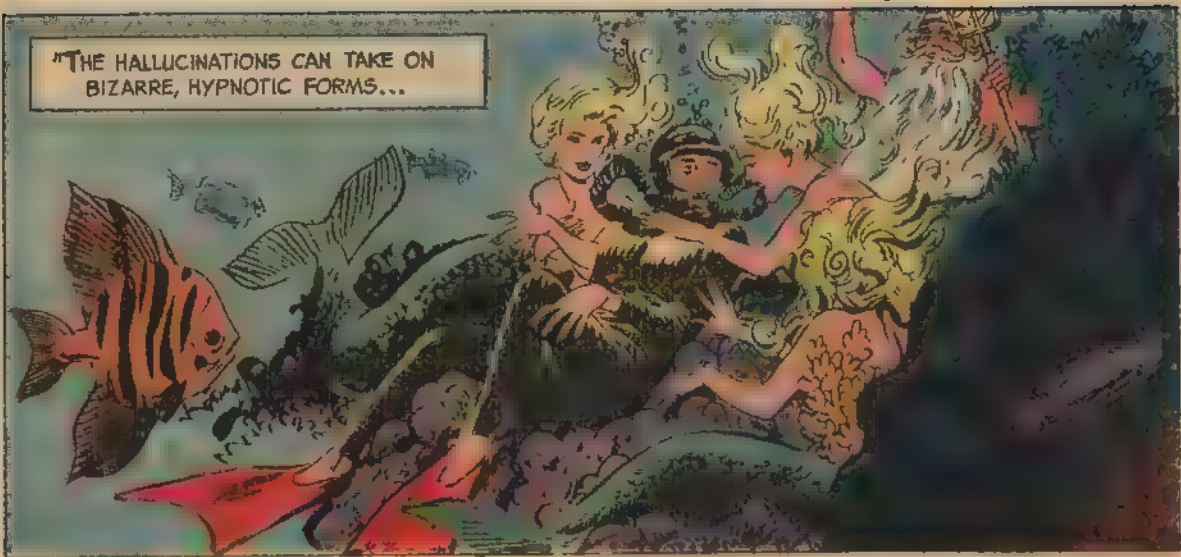


"THE SEA FLOOR CAN TAKE ON THE AURA OF SUCH INDESCRIBABLE BEAUTY THAT HE CAN NOT LEAVE IT... HE FEELS HYPNOTIZED..."

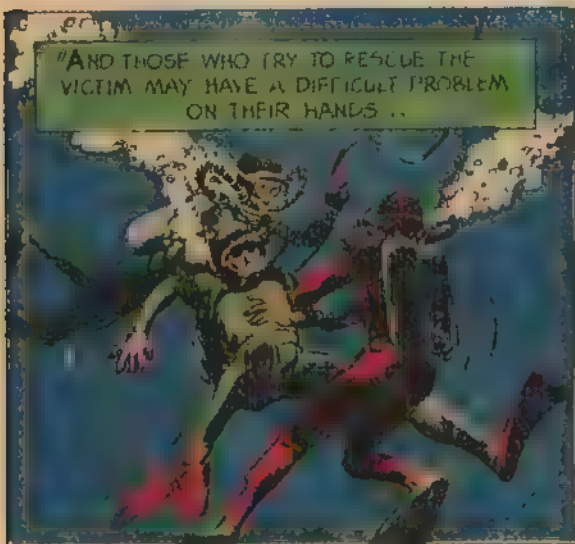
1-IT'S THE MOST
BEAUTIFUL PLACE
ON EARTH... I...
NEVER WANT TO
LEAVE IT...



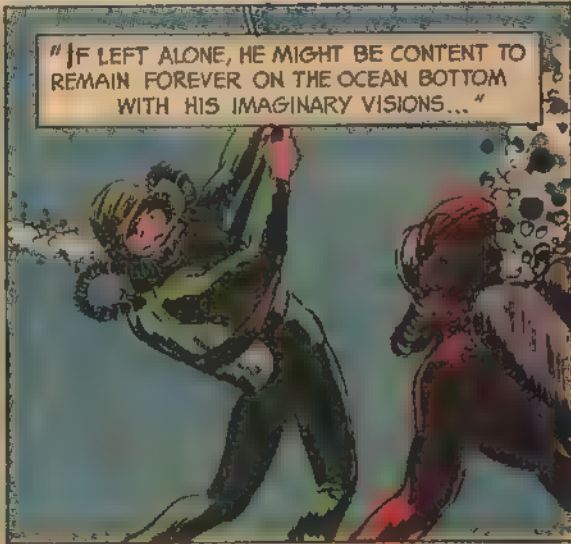
"THE HALLUCINATIONS CAN TAKE ON
BIZARRE, HYPNOTIC FORMS...



"AND THOSE WHO TRY TO RESCUE THE
VICTIM MAY HAVE A DIFFICULT PROBLEM
ON THEIR HANDS ...



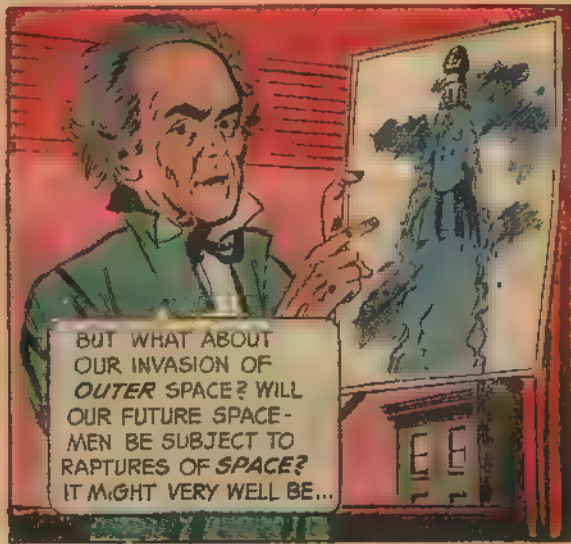
"IF LEFT ALONE, HE MIGHT BE CONTENT TO
REMAIN FOREVER ON THE OCEAN BOTTOM
WITH HIS IMAGINARY VISIONS..."



YES INDEED, THE EXPLORA-
TION OF *INNER SPACE* CAN
PLAY DANGEROUS TRICKS ON
THE MIND IF THE INVADER IS
NOT CAREFUL...



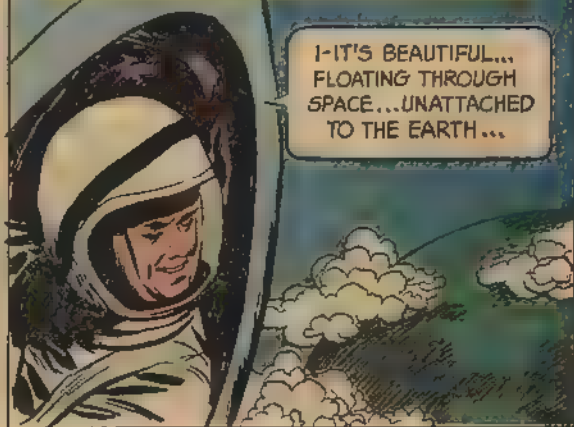
BUT WHAT ABOUT
OUR INVASION OF
OUTER SPACE? WILL
OUR FUTURE SPACE-
MEN BE SUBJECT TO
RAPTURES OF *SPACE*?
IT MIGHT VERY WELL BE...



"THE LINE IN A PRESSURE SUIT FOULS... OUR PILOT IS SUBJECTED TO TWICE THE PRESSURE HE IS GEARED FOR... HIS HEAD SPINS..."



"THE BEAUTY OF OUR EARTH BELOW CAPTURES HIS REELING SENSES..."



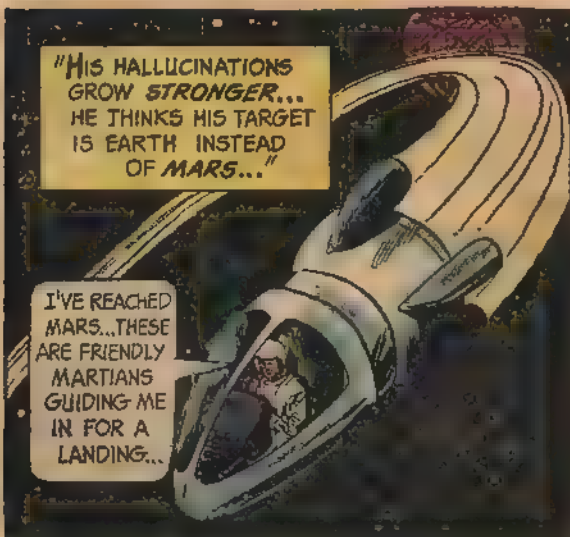
I-IT'S BEAUTIFUL...
FLOATING THROUGH
SPACE...UNATTACHED
TO THE EARTH...

"SUDDENLY, BIZARRE VISIONS APPEAR...
THEY SEEM TO BECKON TO HIM..."



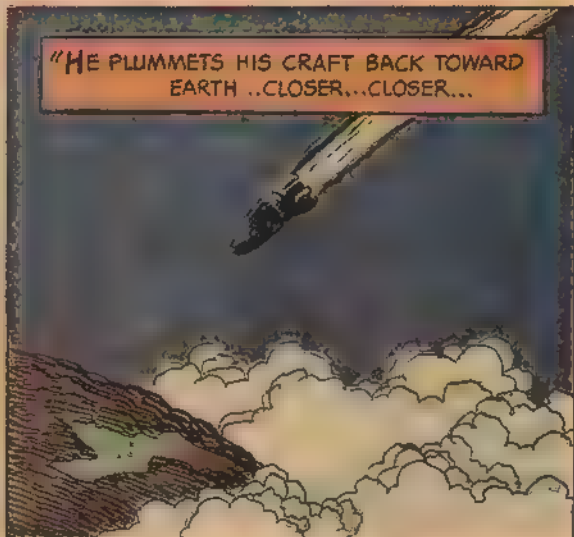
T-THEY'RE MY FRIENDS
FROM SPACE... T-THEY
WANT ME TO JOIN
THEM...!

"HIS HALLUCINATIONS
GROW STRONGER...
HE THINKS HIS TARGET
IS EARTH INSTEAD
OF MARS..."



I'VE REACHED
MARS... THESE
ARE FRIENDLY
MARTIANS
GUIDING ME
IN FOR A
LANDING...

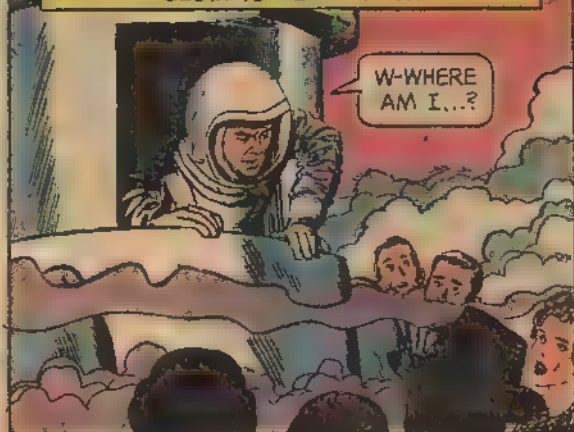
"HE PLUMMETS HIS CRAFT BACK TOWARD
EARTH... CLOSER... CLOSER..."



"THEN TRIGGERS HIS RETRO-ROCKETS
FOR A LANDING IN *TIMES SQUARE*..."



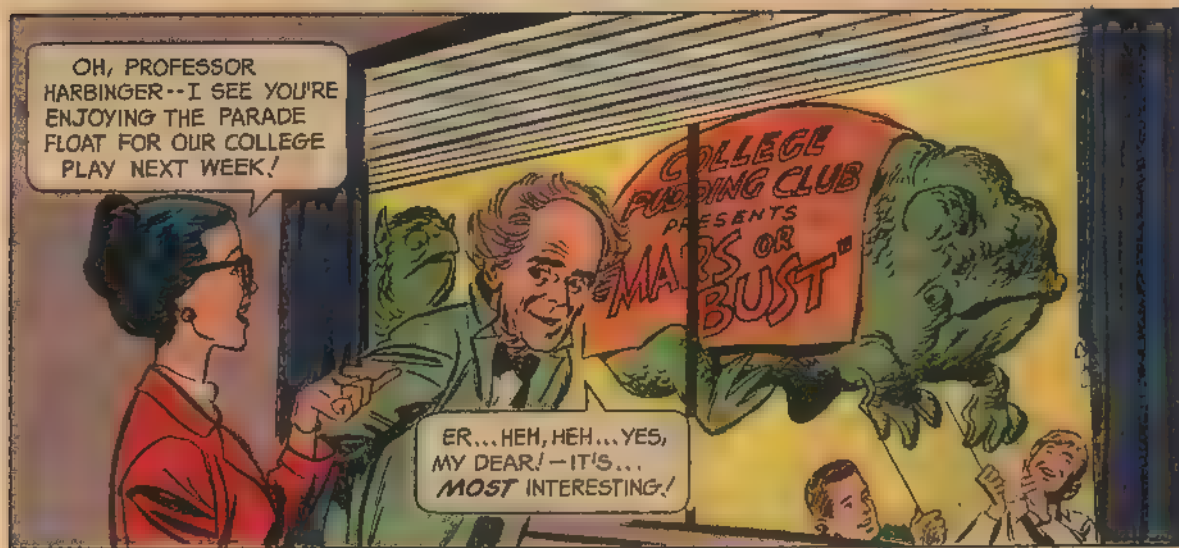
"AND STAGGERS FROM HIS CRAFT IN A
DAZE AS THE *RAPTURES OF SPACE*
BEGIN TO WEAR OFF..."



HEH, HEH... BUT, OF COURSE, ROCKET
EXPERTS WILL BE ON GUARD FOR THIS
DANGER AND... *W-WHAT'S THAT?* (U-ULP!)



OH, PROFESSOR
HARBINGER--I SEE YOU'RE
ENJOYING THE PARADE
FLOAT FOR OUR COLLEGE
PLAY NEXT WEEK!



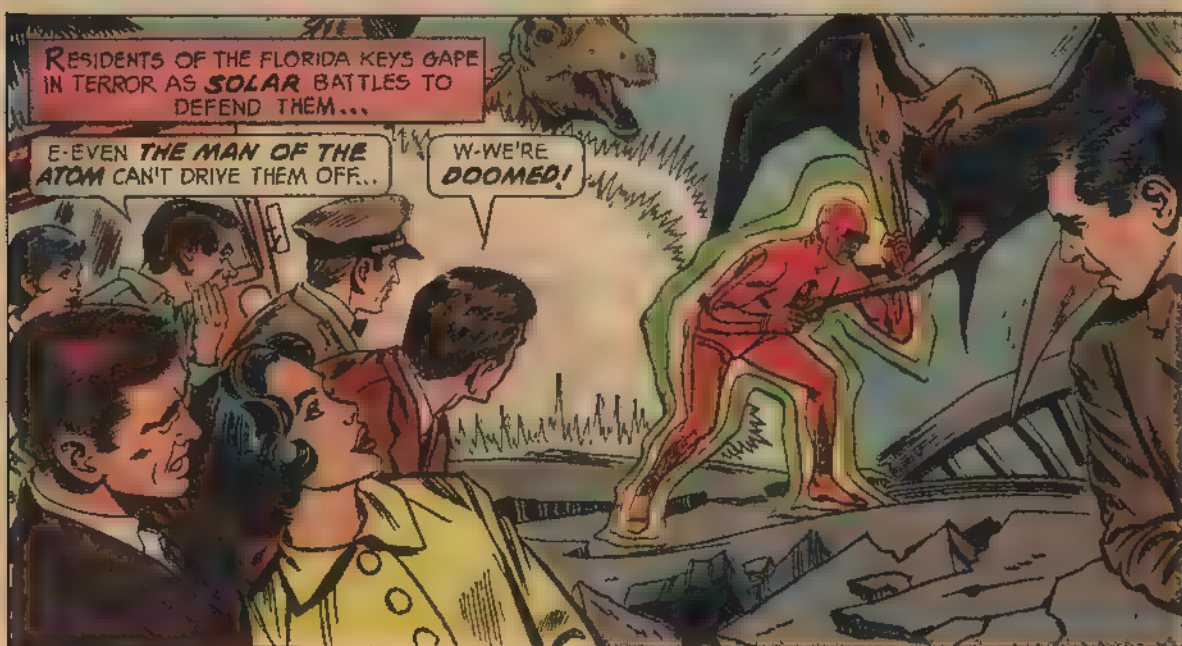
ER... HEH, HEH... YES,
MY DEAR! -IT'S...
MOST INTERESTING!

DOCTOR SOLAR
PART II

THE METEOR from 100 MILLION B.C.

TRAPPED ON THE OVERSEAS HIGHWAY, THE MAN OF THE ATOM IS STALEMATED! -- FOR THE NATURAL RADIATION OF THE METEORITE PLANET HAS GIVEN THE EVOLUTIONARY CREATURES A BUILT-IN RESISTANCE TO SOLAR'S ATOMIC POWERS!

I-I CAN'T DESTROY THEM...
BUT I'VE GOT TO HOLD THEM
OFF...SOMEHOW...



RESIDENTS OF THE FLORIDA KEYS GAPE
IN TERROR AS **SOLAR** BATTLES TO
DEFEND THEM...

E-EVEN THE MAN OF THE
ATOM CAN'T DRIVE THEM OFF...

W-WE'RE
DOOMED!

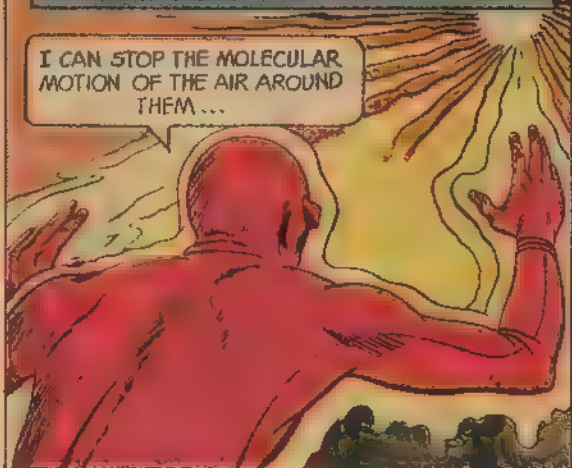
SUDDENLY, *SOLARIS*'S PROTECTIVE NUCLEAR
GLOW FADES...

C-CAN'T KEEP PLAYING A
STAND-OFF... ALL MY
ENERGY WILL BE SAPPED
AWAY... ONLY **ONE** CHANCE
LEFT...



ABRUPTLY, A STREAM OF ENERGY RADIATES
FROM THE DESPERATE SCIENTIST...

I CAN STOP THE MOLECULAR
MOTION OF THE AIR AROUND
THEM...

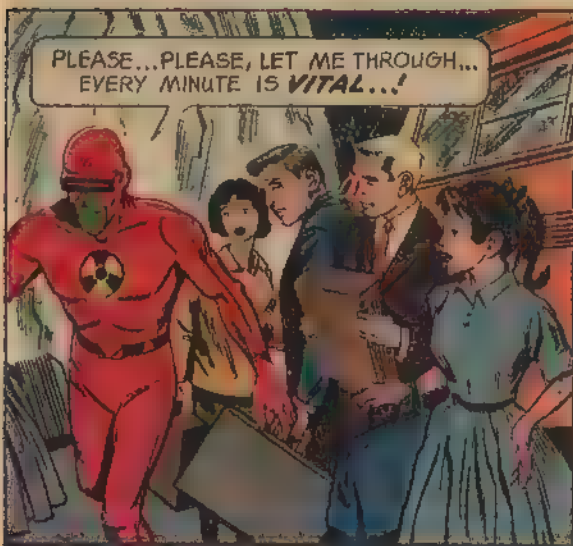


THEN, AS **ICE** FORMS IN THE WAKE
OF THE RESULTING COLD...

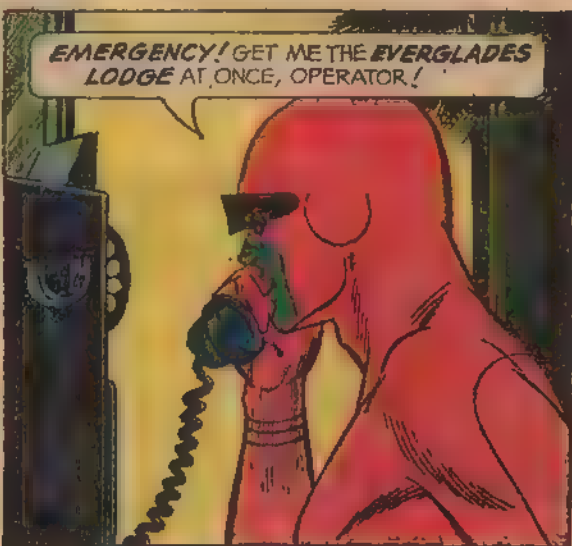
IT **WORKED...**
THEY'RE **FROZEN!**



PLEASE...PLEASE, LET ME THROUGH...
EVERY MINUTE IS **VITAL...**



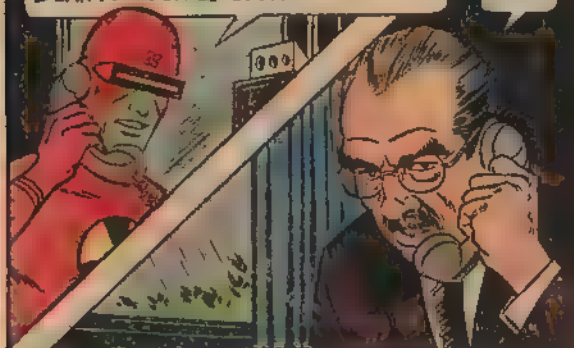
EMERGENCY! GET ME THE **EVERGLADES**
LODGE AT ONCE, OPERATOR!



AND AS DR. CLARKSON IS REACHED...

THE CREATURES ARE ONLY IN A STATE OF *SUSPENDED ANIMATION*, DOCTOR!—I'VE GOT TO RETURN TO *ATOM VALLEY* FOR A FULL RECHARGE OR I CAN'T *POSSIBLY* DESTROY THEM...

NO...
NO...

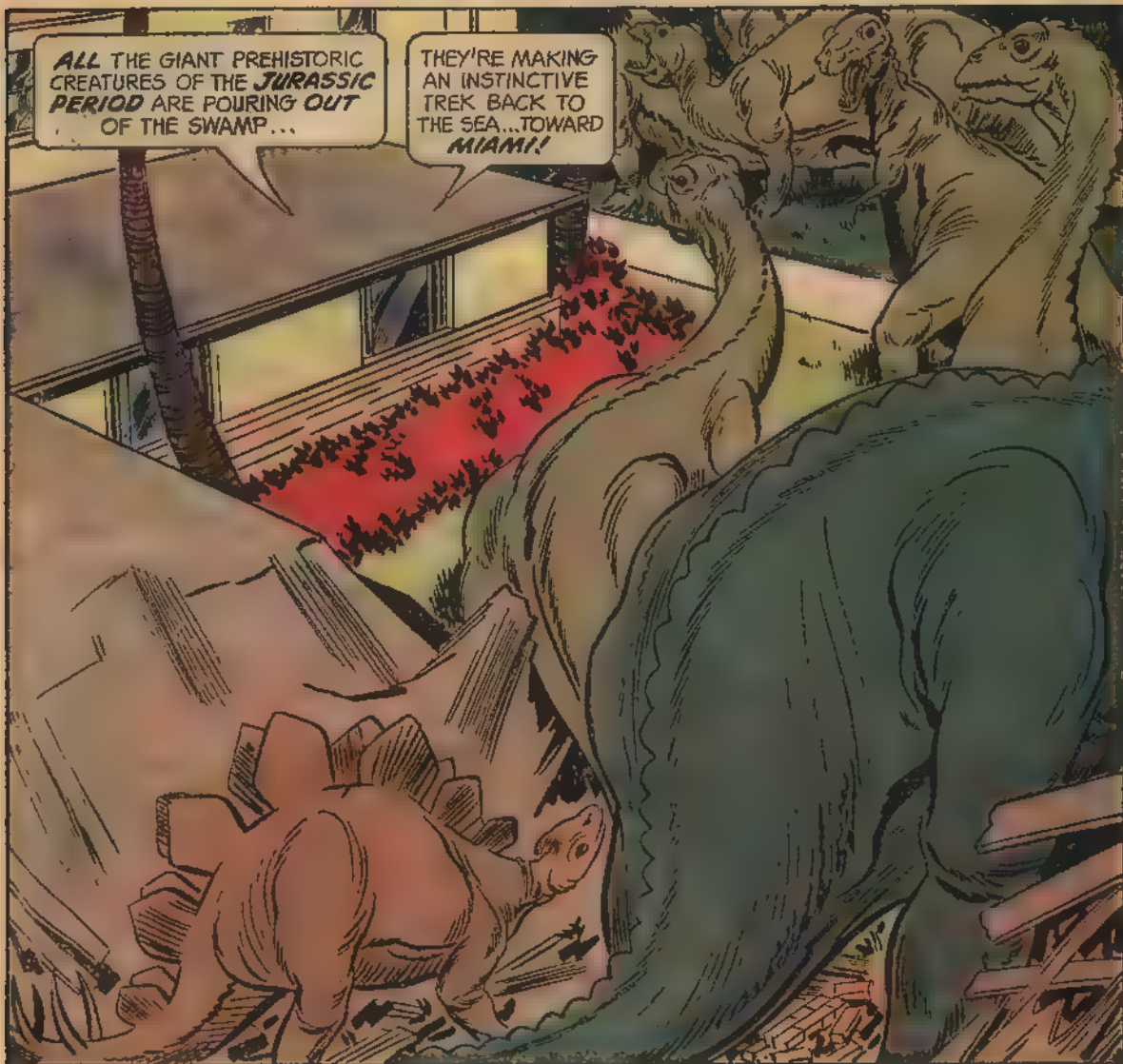


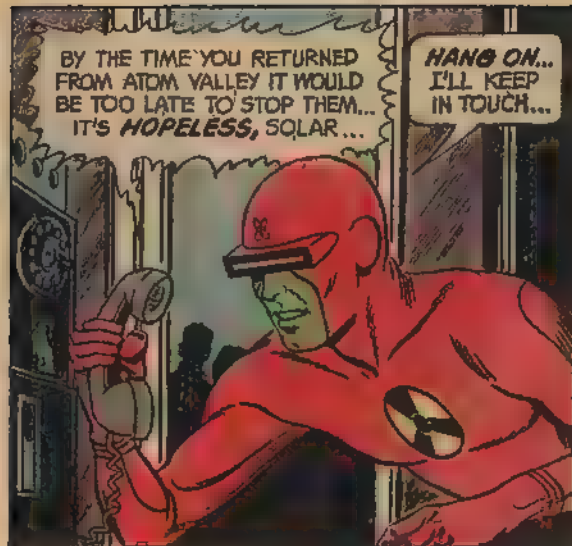
THERE'S NO *TIME* FOR THAT...



ALL THE GIANT PREHISTORIC CREATURES OF THE *JURASSIC PERIOD* ARE POURING OUT OF THE SWAMP...

THEY'RE MAKING AN INSTINCTIVE TREK BACK TO THE SEA...TOWARD *MIAMI!*





BY THE TIME YOU RETURNED FROM ATOM VALLEY IT WOULD BE TOO LATE TO STOP THEM... IT'S **HOPELESS**, SOLAR...

HANG ON...
I'LL KEEP
IN TOUCH...



QUICKLY, SOLAR CONVERTS HIS ATOMIC CHEMISTRY INTO NUCLEAR HEAT, AND...

STAND BACK... CLEAR THE AREA...
I'VE GOT TO **BURY** THESE BEASTS BEFORE THEY MELT FREE...



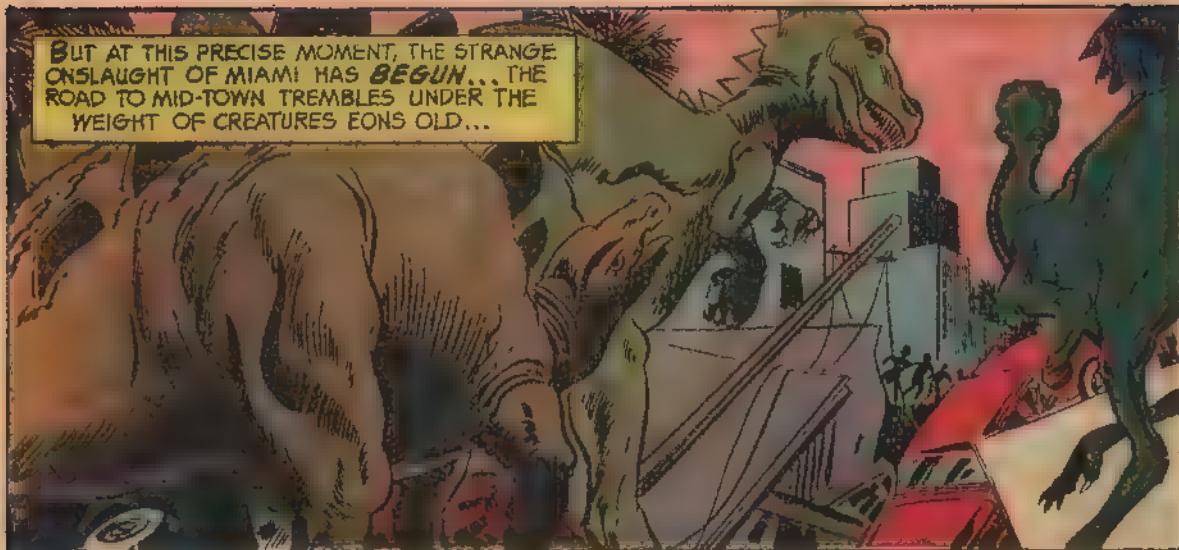
THEN...

WHEN THEY REVIVE, IT WILL TAKE THEM **TIME** TO BURROW OUT...



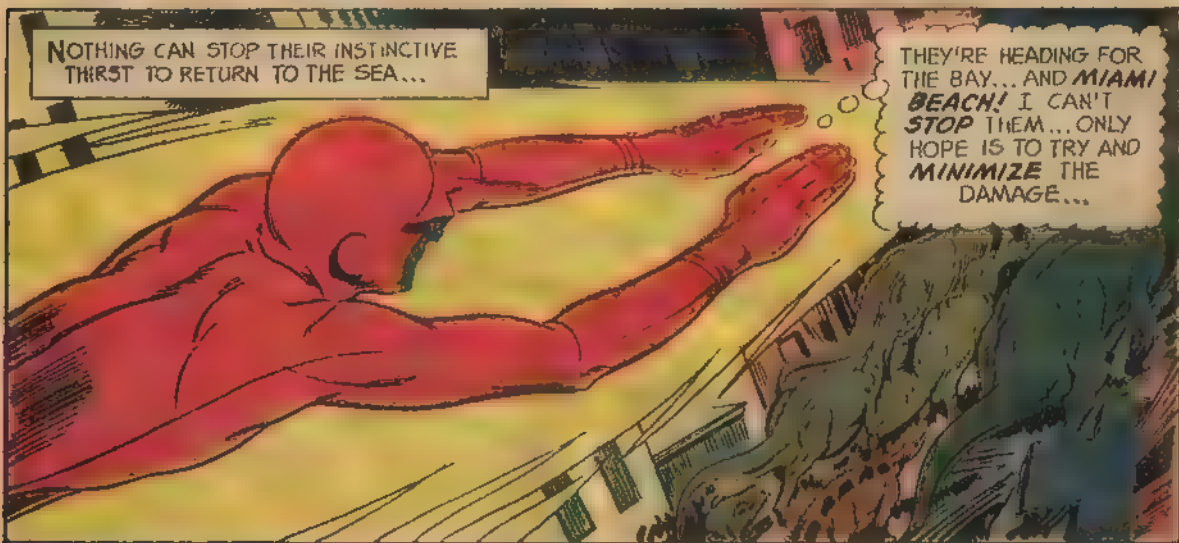
... PERHAPS, THERE WILL BE **ENOUGH** TIME FOR ME TO STOP THE **MARCH ON MIAMI!**

BUT AT THIS PRECISE MOMENT, THE STRANGE
ONSLAUGHT OF MIAMI HAS **BEGUN**... THE
ROAD TO MID-TOWN TREMBLES UNDER THE
WEIGHT OF CREATURES EONS OLD...



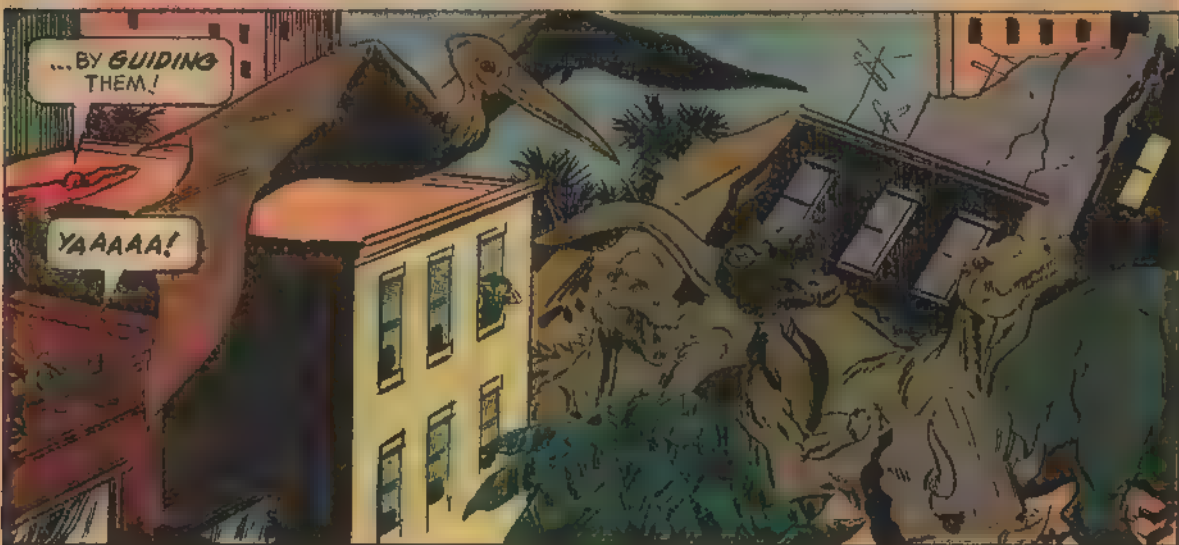
NOTHING CAN STOP THEIR INSTINCTIVE
THRUST TO RETURN TO THE SEA...

THEY'RE HEADING FOR
THE BAY... AND **MIAMI
BEACH**! I CAN'T
STOP THEM... ONLY
HOPE IS TO TRY AND
MINIMIZE THE
DAMAGE...



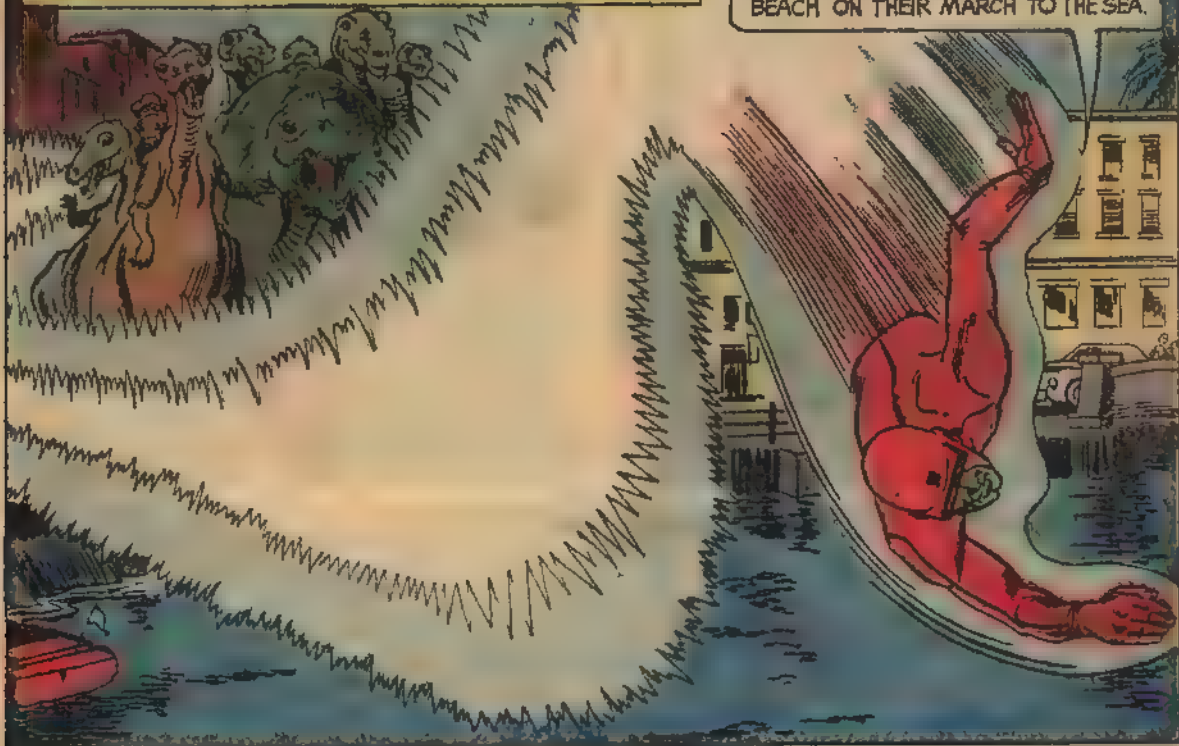
...BY **GUIDING**
THEM!

YAAAAA!



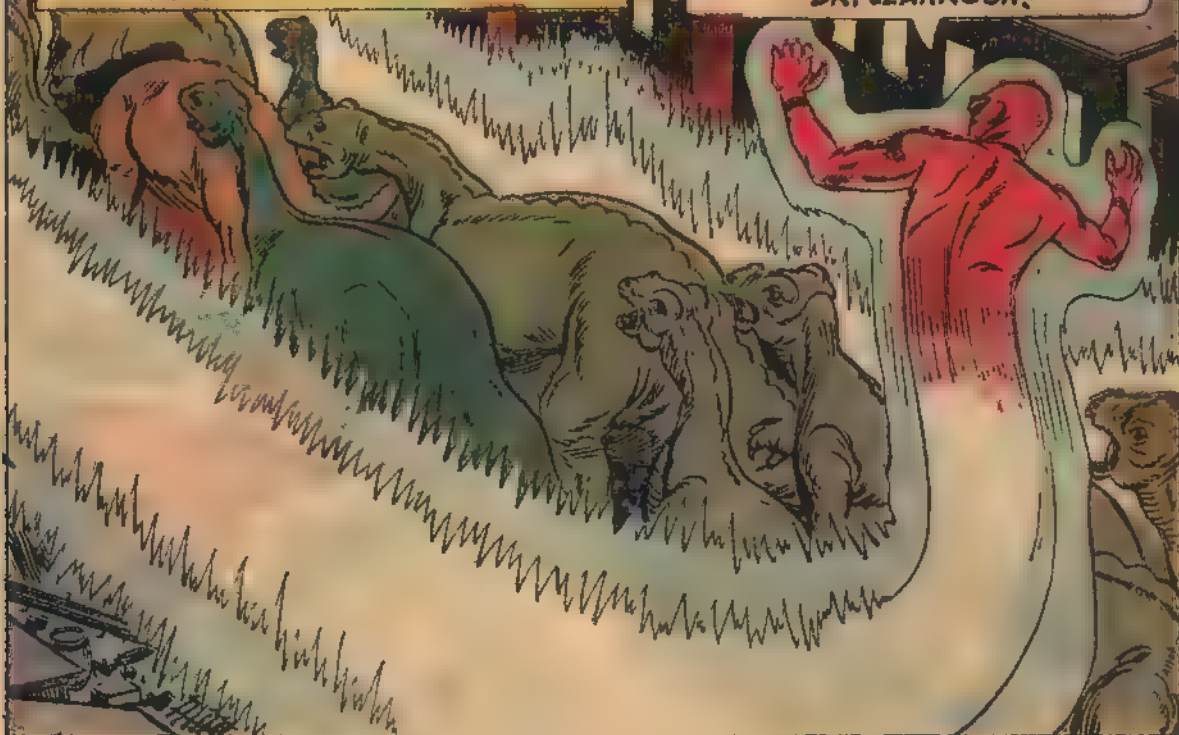
AS THE BEASTS REACH BISCAYNE BAY, **SOLAR** IONIZES
THE AIR TO MAKE AN ELECTRONIC WALL ACROSS THE WATER...

GOT TO FENCE THEM IN... KEEP THEM
FROM TRAMPLING **ALL** OF MIAMI
BEACH ON THEIR MARCH TO THE SEA.



AND AS **THE MAN OF THE ATOM** COMPLETES
HIS ELECTRICAL "RUNWAY"...

IT'S **WORKING!**— THEY'RE KEEPING
ALONG A STRAIGHT PATH ACROSS...
DR. CLARKSON!



HOW **LONG** WILL **THIS** EVOLUTIONARY PERIOD LAST, DR. CLARKSON?—WHEN WILL THEY DIE OUT?

I CAN'T BE **SURE**, PERHAPS AN HOUR! THE AGE PERIOD IS ABOUT 135 MILLION YEARS AGO NOW... **GIANT** CREATURES ARE DUE TO BECOME EXTINCT...

BUT THERE'S SOMETHING **URGENT** I MUST **WARN** YOU OF...

I CAN'T WAIT **NOW**, SIR... I'VE GOT TO CLEAR A PATH ACROSS MIAMI BEACH... MEET ME OVER **THERE!**

AND AS **SOLAR** DUPLICATES HIS ELECTRONIC RUNWAY ACROSS THE BEACH...

CLEAR THE AREA... THE BEASTS WILL BE PASSING THROUGH THIS DISTRICT. CLEAR THE AREA!

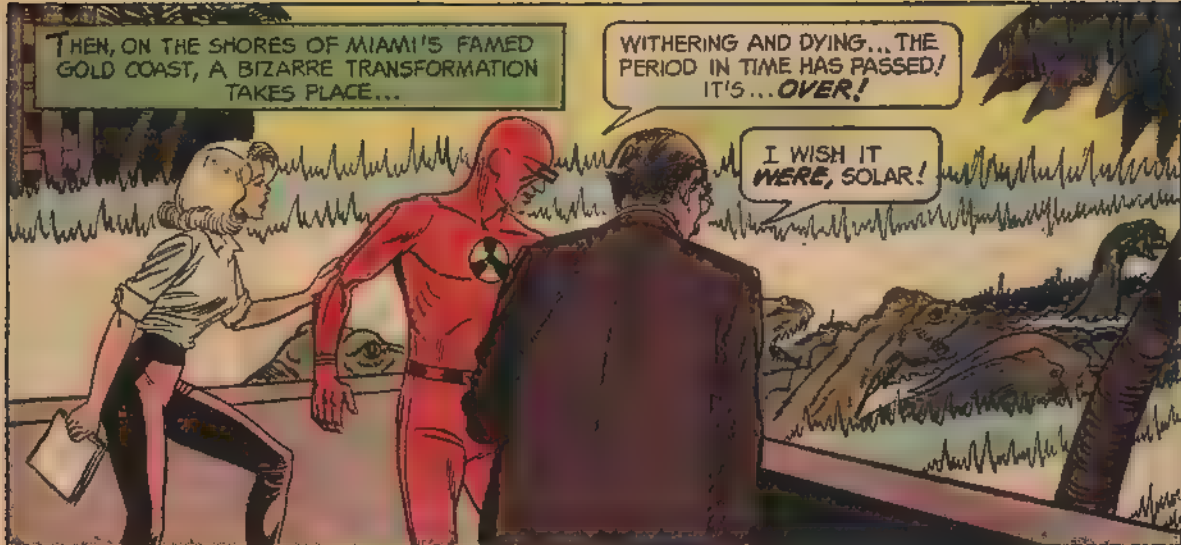
SHORTLY, A MAELSTROM OF PREHISTORIC MIGHT SMASHES A PATH OF DESTRUCTION ACROSS MIAMI BEACH...

IT'S **DONE**... MOST OF THE PEOPLE MANAGED TO EVACUATE, THANK HEAVENS!

THEN, ON THE SHORES OF MIAMI'S FAMED GOLD COAST, A BIZARRE TRANSFORMATION TAKES PLACE...

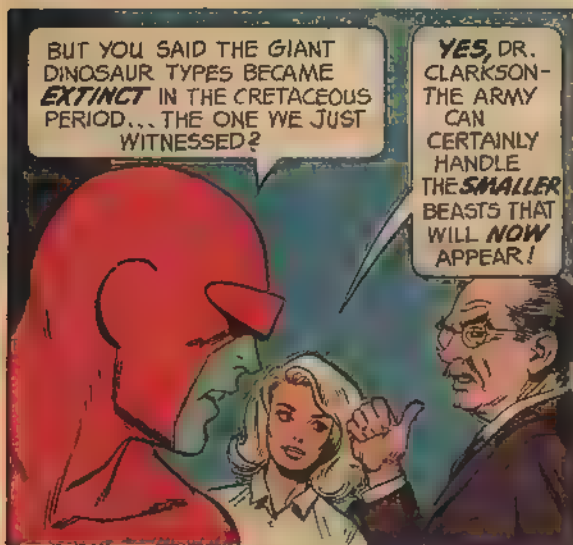
WITHERING AND DYING... THE PERIOD IN TIME HAS PASSED! IT'S... **OVER!**

I WISH IT **WERE, SOLAR!**



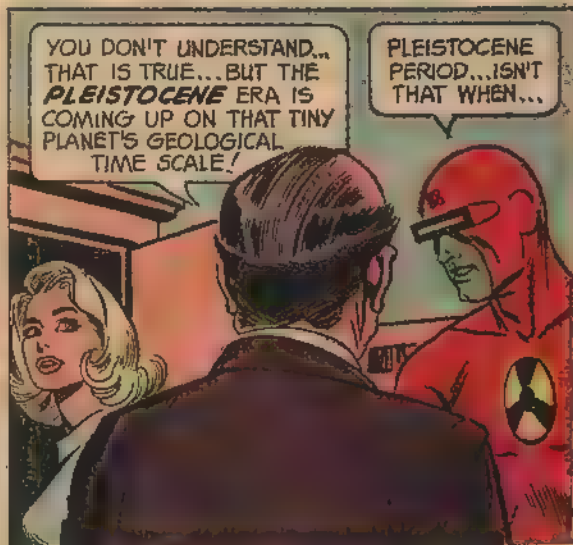
BUT YOU SAID THE GIANT DINOSAUR TYPES BECAME **EXTINCT** IN THE CRETACEOUS PERIOD... THE ONE WE JUST WITNESSED?

YES, DR. CLARKSON- THE ARMY CAN CERTAINLY HANDLE THE **SMALLER** BEASTS THAT WILL **NOW** APPEAR!



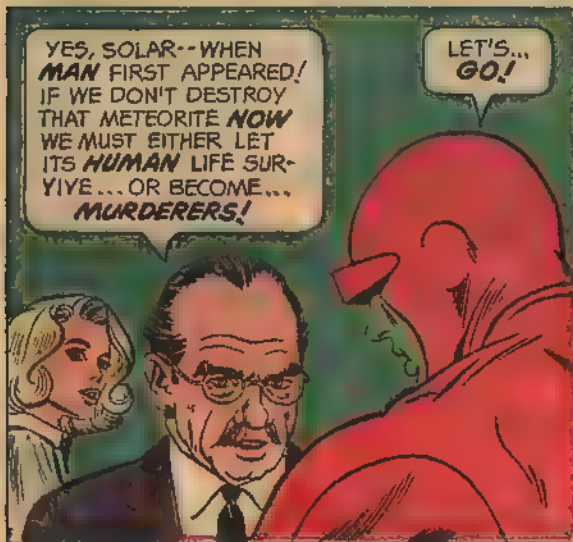
YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND... THAT IS TRUE... BUT THE **PLEISTOCENE** ERA IS COMING UP ON THAT TINY PLANET'S GEOLOGICAL TIME SCALE!

PLEISTOCENE PERIOD... ISN'T THAT WHEN...



YES, SOLAR-- WHEN **MAN** FIRST APPEARED! IF WE DON'T DESTROY THAT METEORITE **NOW** WE MUST EITHER LET ITS **HUMAN** LIFE SURVIVE... OR BECOME... **MURDERERS!**

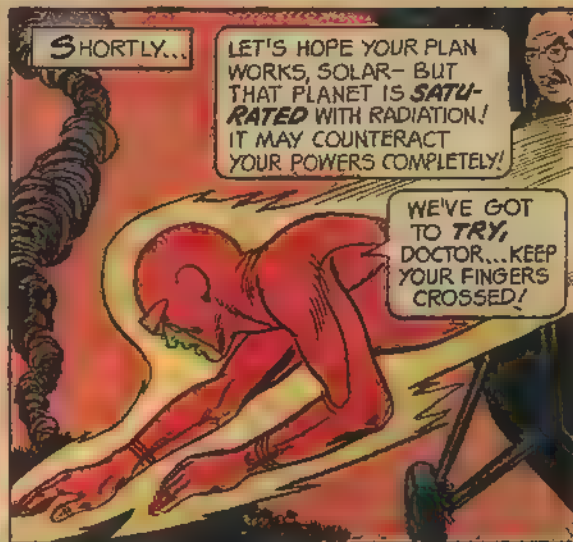
LET'S... **GO!**



SHORTLY...

LET'S HOPE YOUR PLAN WORKS, SOLAR- BUT THAT PLANET IS **SATU-RATED** WITH RADIATION! IT MAY COUNTERACT YOUR POWERS COMPLETELY!

WE'VE GOT TO **TRY,** DOCTOR... KEEP YOUR FINGERS CROSSED!





A NUCLEAR STREAK
PLUMMETS INTO
THE LOCALE OF THE
MONSTER METEORITE...



DOWN...DOWN THROUGH
THE PRIMORDIAL OOZE
THE MAN OF THE ATOM
DESCENDS...

IT'S RADIOACTIVE...IF
I **MISCALCULATE** I'LL
DO **MORE DAMAGE**
THAN THE CREATURES
HAVE...



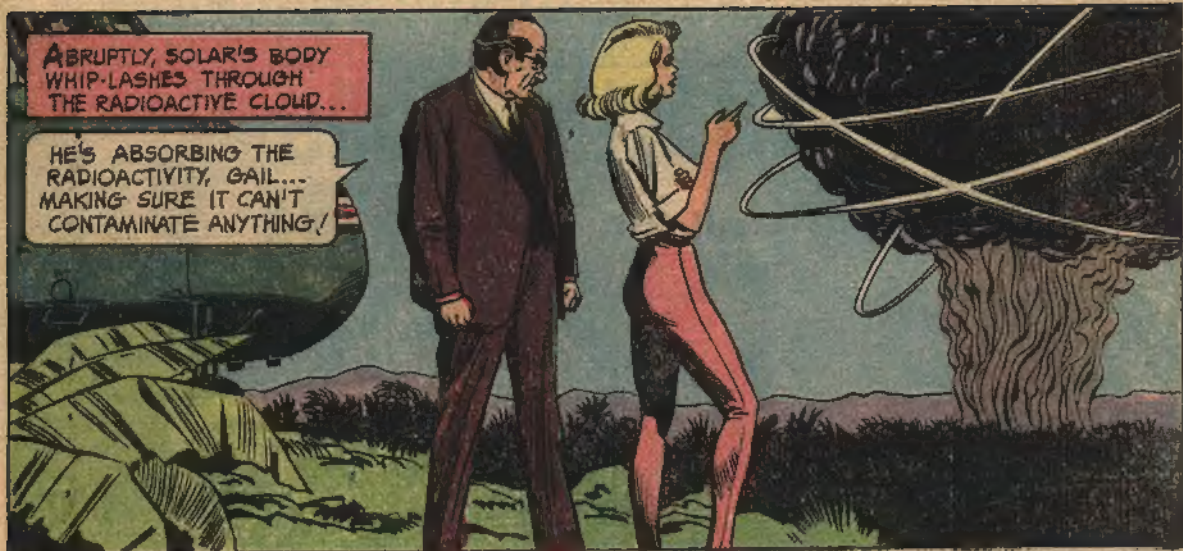
TENSE MINUTES PASS... THEN THE FLOOR
OF THE SWAMPLAND ERUPTS... AND A TINY
MUSHROOM CLOUD PUFFS OUT OF THE
MUCK BELOW...

LOOK, DR.
CLARKSON!

H-HE **DID** IT...HE ACCUMULATED
THE POWER FOR A **TINY ATOMIC**
EXPLOSION WITHIN THE PLANET!

ABRUPTLY, SOLAR'S BODY WHIP-LASHES THROUGH THE RADIOACTIVE CLOUD...

HE'S ABSORBING THE RADIOACTIVITY, GAIL... MAKING SURE IT CAN'T CONTAMINATE ANYTHING!



THEN, IN AN INCANDESCENT BURST, THE MAN OF THE ATOM ELIMINATES THE RADIOACTIVE WASTE...



AND AFTERWARD...

NOW, IT'S **REALLY** ALL OVER! **WHEREVER** THAT PLANET CAME FROM, SUCH A STELLAR ACCIDENT COULD NOT OCCUR AGAIN IN A THOUSAND YEARS!



NOW WE CAN RETURN TO **ATOM VALLEY**! I'LL BRIEF THE AUTHORITIES FROM **THERE** ON WHAT HAPPENED...

YES, DOCTOR... WE CAN GO HOME NOW...



... AND TRY TO MAKE SURE WE DO NOT LET ATOMIC POWER END **OUR** PLANET, LIKE **THAT** ONE!



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GOLD



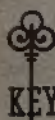
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ASSYRIAN PALACES

This is one of a series of Information features in Gold Key Comics. Collect the whole series for useful knowledge.



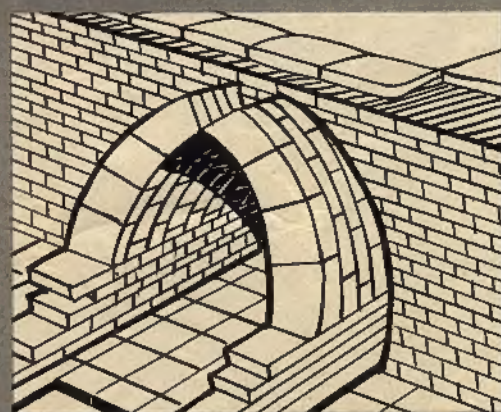
3,000 years ago Assyrian rulers built huge palaces such as this one, erected by Sargon II at Khorsabad. Slave labor did most of it.



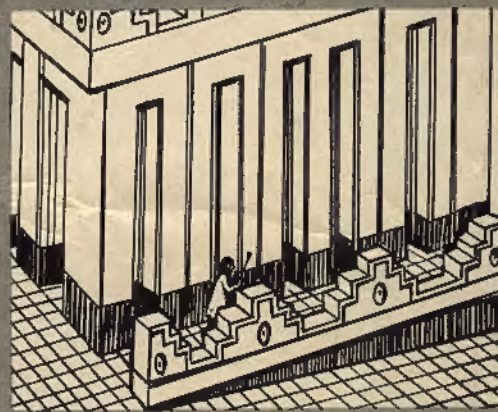
The interior courts were whitewashed. Arched brick gateways were decorated by palm trees which were carved in stone.



Inner walls were painted with huge frescoes glorifying the King, like this painting from the huge Sargon's palace still standing.



The palace grounds were kept dry by the vaulted drains of baked brick. The pointed arch gave greater strength to the huge vault.



The palace Ziggurat, or shrine, was ascended by a winding ramp, six feet wide. This ramp was lined with painted battlements.



SOLAR PIN-UP